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2. The Secret Woman. Phillpotts. (Methuen.)

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198 Corporation Street

General Literature

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Fiction

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Notes

READERS OF THE ACADEMY will be interested to know that preparations are being made to effect important changes both in the form and substance of this journal. It is hoped that they will be brought into operation on March 11, and until that day THE ACADEMY will be conducted on its old lines.

THE most important publication of the week has been "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava," by Sir Alfred Lyall. It was issued too late for treatment in our columns this week, but we hope to deal with it in our next number. Lord Dufferin was a great part of the life of our times, a consummate diplomatist and a conscientious and trustworthy politician. Occupying such eminent positions as he did, it was natural and inevitable that he should mingle on familiar terms with the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and it will be found that his "Life" gives some pleasing glimpses of the inner circles of politics during the reign of Queen Victoria.

WRITING in "The Library," Mr. John Rivers gives an amusing account of Jean François Ducis, the French eighteenth-century author who took Shakespeare in hand and attempted to purge him of all that offended the classicism of national and contemporary taste. Ducis himself, says Mr. Rivers, was a modest man of lofty ideals, and it was a genuine admiration of Shakespeare's work that led him to try and improve it. But the result—the now completely forgotten result—was rich in humour.

NORCESTE, whom we know as Horatio, flatly refuses to believe in the Ghost at all, though Hamlet (who has ascended the throne on his father's death) assures him that he saw it in a dream. Ophelia is not the daughter of Polonius, but of Claudius, who for no apparent reason has decreed that she, "the sole and feeble scion of my race, the light of Hymen's torch shall ne'er behold." Claudius and Gertrude, who between them have murdered the late King, "refuse to be bluffed into confession" by the play; but all ends "happily." Claudius is killed by Norceste, and Gertrude stabs herself, while Hamlet remains in possession of the throne. They are doing their best now in Paris to appreciate Shakespeare as they should—doing far more, indeed, than we are to master their great classical dramatists; but the reception of Mr. Marcel Schwob's translation of "Hamlet" was not over-promising.

IN "The Fortnightly Review" M. Maurice Maeterlinck discusses the production of "King Lear" at the Théâtre Antoine. There are only two critics in Paris, it seems, who had a good word for the play, M. Nozière in the "Gil Blas," and M. Brisson in "Le Temps." M. Faguet, the *lundi* of the "Débats," talks of "stupid crimes, foolish horrors, and idiotic vices," and dubs the play "bruto-tragedy or bruto-drama." "Almost anybody, no matter who, could write 'King Lear,' with the exception of a few passages"! And the play, says M. Maeterlinck, "received the same hearing that would have been given to an antiquated melodrama, illumined here and there by an occasional gleam of genius."

FOR this strange lack of comprehension (which M. Maeterlinck astutely hints is not so uncommon in England as we should care to admit) he assigns two reasons: the necessary failure of a translation, in the case of an "essential" poet, to reveal more than a quarter of his soul, and the difference between the domestic geniuses of the two countries. The domestic genius spoke in Voltaire's "Drunken Savage," and the feeling still lingers; but it is only fair to point out that French men of letters are doing far more than English to break down the barrier. Quite recently able studies have appeared in Paris of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Burns and Richardson. What, besides Mr. Gosse's "French Profiles" and a few desultory studies of Ste.-Beuve, have we to show since Matthew Arnold?

THE Juliet House, as it is called, at Verona, is in danger of collapsing; but its loss would mean no more than the loss of any other of the picturesque old houses of Northern Italy. It is not, of course, Juliet's house, any more than Juliet's tomb is the tomb of Juliet, or the Andaman Islands the scene of "The Tempest." There is no house in Verona that can be declared with certainty the house of either Montagues or Capulets; and the tomb, we have it on good authority, was a washing-trough. A genuine washing-trough is better than a sham tomb—and the moral of the whole question may be found in Mr. Henry James' story of "The Custodians."

A PROPOS of a woodcut by Schüpflein in the British Museum, Mr. Campbell Dodgson relates in "The Burlington Magazine" for this month a quaint and delightful legend of Alexander the Great. In one version—that of a late Greek manuscript of Pseudo-Callisthenes—the event took place "at the end of the world."

Having reached it, and wishing to know "whether this was indeed the end of the world and the place where the sky slopes down to it," he caught two of the great white birds that came about his army, starved them for three days, and then confined them in a basket, in which there stood upright two spears lashed together, end to end, with the liver of a horse on the top. The birds flew up, like the donkey that follows the carrots dangling in front of his nose, in order to seize the meat; and the basket, with Alexander in it, rose with them. At last, being warned by a winged creature with a human face to return, he reversed the spears. The birds flew down, and he reached earth ten days' journey from the place whence he started.

In the Latin version of Leo's "Historia de Preliis" the basket is replaced by a machine with iron bars, and the motive power was not white birds but griffins—"li oysel ke on apieles gryfz," says a mediæval manuscript. Mr. Dodgson's article is illustrated by reproductions of two miniatures in the British Museum and of the woodcut by Schüpfle, which shows two most fascinating griffins attached by chains to an iron cage. In the cage stands Alexander in armour, grasping the baited spear, to which the griffins' eyes are hungrily upturned.

It appears from Signor Orlando's answer to the question put in the Chamber of Deputies on January 31, and from the conversation between the Rome correspondent of "The Times" and the Minister, that Professor Waldstein has not got quite so far as he thought in his scheme for the international excavation of Herculaneum. There is "a wide difference between an honorary committee composed of crowned heads and rulers of states, and an international committee for the actual execution of excavations"; the difference that one may talk while the other will work. Professor Waldstein appears to have become entangled in this net of diplomacy, from which may he soon be freed—to set to work and do what he wishes.

NATURAL science has lost a devoted and valuable servant by the death of Mr. George Bond Howes, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., who died on Saturday at his house in Chiswick. Dr. Howes, who was only fifty-one years old, entered the service of the Science and Art Department thirty years ago, after a private education, and became at once a staunch lieutenant to Huxley, whom he succeeded in 1895 as Professor of Zoology in the Royal College of Science. The amount of his published work was small, but it included the "Atlas of Practical Zootomy," as the revised form of the work is called, and a number of papers, chiefly on vertebrate morphology.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of collecting a fund and founding a prize in memory of Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Their object is to supply an annual prize, open to all students and members under six years' standing in the colleges for women connected with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, for the best essay on any subject, "ethical, psychological, or philosophical," bearing on the evidence of natural religion. Donations will be received by the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Lady Battersea, Surrey House, 7 Marble Arch, W., or by the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, Princes Street, E.C.

A PROPOSAL is on foot to establish a "Ruskin Park," on "the last spur of the Surrey Downs," as Ruskin him-

self called Denmark Hill. Only £2,000 an acre is being asked, and £50,000 will suffice to preserve the whole "lung" intact. Denmark Hill is not only associated with Ruskin and Mr. Chamberlain. It was the residence of Dr. Lettsom, the Quaker physician, whose park was famous for its plants and for the butterfly Camberwell Beauty, which he bred there. He, for one, would smile upon the "Ruskin Park."

THE dinner given to Mr. J. Nicol Dunn last Saturday night on the occasion of his leaving "The Morning Post" for "The Manchester Courier" was a fine and spontaneous tribute to a distinguished journalist. Mr. Barrie was in the chair, and proposed Mr. Dunn's health in as delightful a speech as one could wish to hear, the greater part of it banter, persiflage, drollery, but sobering into a most manly and earnest God-speed at the end. The company consisted of the guest's private friends, and contained foremost representatives not only of the leading journals, but of law, politics and the kindred professions. Naturally many men of the old "National Observer" were present, and if the shade of W. E. Henley did not hover over the feast, it was not for lack of invocation, both spoken and silent. When nearly every one present had a title to public attention, it was invidious to single out any name for particular mention. Mr. Dunn has made many notable friends in the course of a career which has embraced at least half a dozen different papers, including "The Scotsman," "The Pall Mall Gazette" and "Black and White."

It is most unusual for a journalist to leave a first-class position in London for the provinces, but if Mr. Dunn has chosen to follow a difficult path, he is also working for a great reward. "The Manchester Courier" has always had great difficulty in competing with a most able and well-managed rival, and all the resources of skill and enterprise will be needed to bring it up to the same level. But, on the other hand, these are magical days in journalism, and no doubt the same vigour and determination which have made so much ground elsewhere will be appreciated in Manchester. On "The Morning Post" the place vacated by Mr. Dunn is now filled by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, a journalist best known for his contributions to military criticism. Curiously enough, he first made his mark in the very town to which his predecessor has gone.

WE have received from an American gentleman a leaflet that carries important news. The American Philosophical Society and the Volapukists "fought a duel and killed each other's influence." That seems to have left the field open for Idiom Neutral, Esperanto and others. "George J. Henderson, of London, has made three languages, and Elias Molee, of Tacoma, Washington, has spent forty years on Tutonish. Such heroic efforts have not been without effects."

THE effects, it would seem, have rather been on George J. Henderson, of London, and Elias Molee, of Tacoma, than on the speaking world. But there is still hope, perhaps, for Tutonish, perhaps for one of the three *linguæ Hendersonianæ*. An International Congress of a thousand intelligent members could in five years frame a language, simple and systematic, easy and beautiful. And the cost—the cost of the congress, the invention, the teachers, the pupils, the literature and the minor expenses? A trifle of five thousand million dollars, or some £1,000,000,000! And for that "ignorance and mental

slavery would pass away, and the wars, famines and pestilences would vanish from the globe." More, we should be able, perhaps be compelled, to read our Sophocles and Vergil in Tutonish, our Shakespeare and Milton in Hendersonish.

THE February volumes in Messrs. Dents' complete edition of Tolstoy will be "The Snowstorm, Domestic Happiness, &c.," and "Pedagogical Articles, and The Linen Measurer," all written between 1856 and 1862. In the new French series, "Les Classiques Français," Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's "Paul et Virginie," with a preface by the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé of the French Academy, will be published this month.

IN view of the forthcoming Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery, Messrs. Bell will publish immediately a third and cheaper edition of "The Art of James McNeill Whistler," by Messrs. T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis.

Bibliographical

LAST year Miss M. F. Sandars published a life of Honoré de Balzac, which was welcomed as supplying a want, for in English we have not many works on the French novelist and his writings, and most of those have their origin in America. Now, however, it looks as though we were making up for lost time, for hard upon the issue of Miss Sandars' book I learn that Mr. W. H. Helm is to give us a new volume of criticism, entitled "Aspects of Balzac." Before the former work was published the only book available for would-be students of Balzac was Mr. Frederick Wedmore's volume, the "Life of Honoré de Balzac," in the Great Writers Series (1889). From America, however, had emanated "Balzac," a small volume of criticism, by E. E. Saltus (1884); "A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac," by Katharine Prescott Wormeley (1892), the translator of "La Comédie Humaine"; and "The Metaphysics of Balzac," by Ursula N. Gestefeld (1898).

It may be safely assumed, I think, that the publication of a book about a distinguished writer creates something of a demand, though it may not, often, be anything more than a small demand, for his writings. It may be hoped that Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Sydney Smith" (English Men of Letters) will make many readers wish for a fuller acquaintance with Smith's works. I do not know whether his "Essays," published in 1880 by Messrs. Routledge, are still obtainable, but there is a capital selection from his writings, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, in the Scott Library; and the famous "Peter Plymley's Letters" may be had in Cassell's National Library. The single-volume edition of his "Works" and the "Sketches of Moral Philosophy" may often be found by hunters of the second-hand bookstalls. Mr. Russell had not many predecessors as biographer of Sydney Smith, the only separate works being "A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith by his Daughter, Lady Holland" (1855), and "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith," by Stuart J. Reid (1884). In 1894 there was published in Paris "Sydney Smith et la Renaissance des Idées Libérales en Angleterre," by André Chevrillon.

There have been many biographies of Charles Dickens published since John Forster completed his "Life" about thirty years ago; but apparently the theme is inexhaustible, for Mr. Thomas Wright, as was announced

some time ago, is engaged upon a work of this character; and now it is stated that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is just completing a "Life of Charles Dickens as revealed in his Writings." Professor A. W. Ward's "Dickens" in the English Men of Letters Series, and Sir Frank T. Marzials' "Dickens" in the Great Writers Series, are available for readers who wish for succinct works on the subject, while altogether the books on Dickens, or some aspect of his work, would now fill a long shelf. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald had already given us "The History of Pickwick; its Characters, Localities, &c." (1891); "Bozland: Dickens' Places and People" (1895) and "The Pickwickian Dictionary and Cyclopædia" (1903).

The issue of a "uniform edition" of a writer's works may generally be taken as marking a definite stage in that writer's popularity. In view of the fact that Messrs. Blackwood are about to issue such an edition of Mr. Neil Munro's novels, it may be interesting to give a list of them, with the dates of their first publication in book form: "The Lost Pibroch, and Other Shieling Stories" (1896); "John Splendid: the Tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn" (1898); "Gilian the Dreamer: his Fancy, his Love and Adventures" (1899); "Doom Castle: a Romance" (1901); "The Shoes of Fortune, &c." (1901); "Children of Tempest: a Tale of the Outer Isles" (1903); "Erichie: My Droll Friend" (1904). The first half-dozen of the volumes named have been announced to form the new set, but I hope that Mr. Munro and his publishers will decide to include "Erichie," for that genial soul deserves inclusion; and many of us would be glad to have his humour presented in all the dignity of a bound book. It is true the authorship of "Erichie" has not been acknowledged, but it has always been an "open secret." Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that Mr. Munro once wrote a highly sensational serial story, which is *not* likely to be included in the uniform reissue of his novels, and that much of his writing lies buried in the columns of a Glasgow evening newspaper.

In giving last week a list of the English translations of writings by Maxim Gorky I omitted, by an oversight, one of the volumes in which I had found most to interest me—the "Tales from Gorky," translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain (1902). I might also have added that shortly after the introduction of the grim realist to English readers came a volume of appreciation in Dr. E. J. Dillon's "Maxim Gorky, his Life and Writings" (1902).

WALTER JERROLD.

Hudibras-Butler

OF the "Hudibras" recently edited for the "Cambridge English Classics" by Mr. A. R. Waller we have only one mild complaint to make.

The plan of Mr. Waller's edition excludes explanatory notes and all introductory matter except a short bibliographical note. But on the blank page opposite the title-page appears this short but disquieting legend:

SAMUEL BUTLER.
Born 1612?
Died 1680.

We cannot deny the exactitude of the question-mark. It is true we do not know that Butler was born in 1612, but research has shown that he was christened in February of that year; and if *in corrupta Fides nudaque Veritas* demanded the precautionary symbol, surely a drop of comfort might have been afforded to the curious in the form of a note.

A cynic might, indeed, find occasion for a sneer in this record of Butler's christening, being, as it is, almost the only fact of his life about which there is no doubt. For though, "according to all accounts" (says Mr. R. B. Johnson, the Aldine Editor), he "led a life of strict integrity," and though "no sneer has passed the poet's lips against religion or morality," there is singularly little of the distinctive features of Christianity in Butler's character. Perhaps to blame a satirist for uncharitableness is like finding fault with a tiger for inhumanity, or with Rabelais for grossness. He does not profess to supply the milk of human kindness, nor ask you to admire his organ of benevolence. But, for all that, "the great Butler," as "the great Doctor" calls him, gives the unpleasant impression of double-dealing and backbiting to a degree rare even among satirists. Critics are not agreed to what extent "Hudibras" is intended for a portrait of the Presbyterian, Sir Samuel Luke, "who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, but, to his dishonour" (says the earliest of Butler's biographers), "an eminent commander under the Usurper, Oliver Cromwell." Other Puritans, and perhaps other patrons of Butler, are laid under contribution by the satirist; and the spirit of burlesque accumulates many traits which have little to do with the Puritans at all. Butler, however, meant to make his "i's" easy to dot when he made Sir Hudibras say—

"'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land, yclep'd —,
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For person, parts, address, and beard."

Rhyme and reason alike pitch upon Sir Samuel, or rather Sir Samml Luke, to fill the gap. Anyhow, he lived in the service of this "Knight so notorious," either as secretary or steward or valet, and employed his opportunities in that situation in accumulating the materials for "Hudibras," and probably composing a good part of the work. He kept the poison of asps well under his lips, however, until it was quite safe to launch it against the defeated party: and was then rewarded, like Horace's schoolmaster, *maiore fama quam emolumento*. Charles II., we are told, was always quoting "Hudibras," and kept it in his pocket; but he put little or nothing into the author's pocket in its place. Perhaps he thought, or other Royalists who had better memories and fatter purses may have thought, that benevolence might be misplaced in this dull fellow—for so he appears to have been in company—who might, after all, survive them, and then let the world know what he thought of them. As a matter of fact, he was amassing the materials for such an exposure while the wits were laughing over his satire upon the Puritans. He satirised the license, the gaming, the drunkenness, of Charles II.'s court; he satirised poor Sir John Denham, both for his poetry and for his madness; he satirised the newly formed Royal Society, first in octosyllabics, and then expanded these into the heroic measure to which he became more addicted in later years. All these rods, however, were laid up in pickle only when he died; they did not see the light till about eighty years after his death. Altogether, though the patrons who enjoyed his wit did not deserve well of him, it is difficult to avoid smiling at the expressions chosen by Ottway, who was always overflowing with sentiment, in referring to this neglect:

"Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service were return'd."

Mr. Waller does break through his reserve in his bibliographical note to the extent of giving us the enter-

taining passage from "Pepys' Diary" in which Mr. Pepys describes how, "falling into discourse" with Mr. Battersby "of a new book of drollery in use, called 'Hudibras,' I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by, meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d." Six weeks later, however, he found it necessary to buy "Hudibras" again—presumably for 2s. 6d.; but later entries in the "Diary" show that he never could see the fun of it, though he once records having enjoyed having Mr. Butler and others to dinner—"a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted." Mr. Pepys was not a connoisseur in wit: Charles II. was, and was undoubtedly in the right here. Whatever else Butler was, he was a prince of wits. The Restoration has a great name for wit, and, in spite of Macaulay, deserves it. But Butler is a giant among the Restoration wits, just as Milton is a giant among the Restoration poets. His is not mere verbal wit, nor the raillery of a highly artificial society. It is imaginative and racy, not merely rippling the surface of the mind into a smile, but stirring up the depths of laughter. He is a man of exceptionally sound sense talking outrageous nonsense, a feat which always conveys the impression of great power. In this respect he deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with Aristophanes and Rabelais, and with the master to whom he owed the main idea of "Hudibras," Cervantes, though he is wanting in the good-humour which is half the greatness of these much greater men.

A larger portion of good-humour would have made "Hudibras" more readable to remote posterity. "To-day it is not read," says Mr. R. B. Johnson, "and to a large extent would not be understood." The second remark is true, if the "large extent" be not pressed too hard. "Hudibras" is, of course, packed with topical allusions, as well as with all sorts of allusions the very reverse of topical—out-of-the-way bits of learning such as Rabelais delighted in, which we may be sure were as unintelligible to Charles II. as they are to us. The latter, however, are part of the fun, now as then. And as to the topical allusions, it is true that the objects of Butler's ridicule are no longer before our eyes; while the passions which were then excited over ecclesiastical government have been succeeded by a long line of descendants, which all have a strong family likeness, but are too vigorous in each generation to feel much interest in their ancestry. But the mere fact that we cannot understand many passages without the aid of a note, and even the fact that a note is sometimes inevitably wanting, because the key to the allusion has long been lost—these facts only explain in part why "Hudibras" as a whole is not read to-day. "Don Quixote" has more allusions which are pointless to the average English reader: yet few people find "Don Quixote" difficult to read. You may say that it is because "Don Quixote" is drawn on a larger canvas, and breathes the open air of adventure for all its satire of knight-errantry. Yes, but this is much the same as saying that it is full of good-humour. Cervantes looks upon all the world, including his crazy hero, with a kindly eye. He moves with careless and jovial freedom of gait, and gives his reader time to digest his wit. Butler is like a hanging judge who is witty at the expense of the prisoner. He looks on all the world with "lidless dragon eyes," and mercilessly exposes everybody's faults and follies, without a hint

that he is of the same clay as the rest of us. His scorn and contempt for the human race is like that of the only one of his imitators who is his equal: and in reading Swift we seem to be assisting at some dreadful tragedy, a man afflicted with some strange madness, cursing and uprooting his own heart; whereas Butler's satire is just heartless. And his wit gives you hardly any rest. Dr. Johnson puts this matter well in the course of his somewhat jerky and indeterminate account of Butler. "If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure; he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted."

But what wit it is! One cannot quote it to advantage. Many of his couplets have passed into proverbs too familiar to quote: but even these, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be read in their context. It is the volubility at such a high level, the agility of the doggerel rhymes, with their ease and naturalness, the apparently uncontrolled spontaneity of the whole performance, that is so amazing every time one takes up the book. It is difficult to believe that the author amassed his material in "Commonplace Books," and wrote and re-wrote with anxious care. Certainly there never was a better illustration of the maxim which Pope paraphrased from Horace:

"Success in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

The only poet who has attempted the Hudibrastic manner of handling rhyme on a large scale, and as an accompaniment to his matter and not the end in itself, is Browning; but Browning never "learned to dance"; nor did he realise, apparently, that Butler's very triumph depended upon the perfect match between his manner and his matter.

The Guls Hornbook

SOME people carry their love of suitability to the verge of mania, and could not bring themselves to read an old book newly tricked out in the finery of green limp leather and a red silk marker. I am not of their number. They are but captious bibliophiles and have their reward in the sense of their own exclusiveness, from which they doubtless derive a fine satisfaction. "A Guls Hornbook in lambskin!" and their sneer rises to a snort: but I answer unabashed, "My study to any reading-room, museum or Bodleian," with a chant of content as I turn over the dainty pages of old Dekker's pamphlet, which Messrs. Dent & Co. have just issued in their "Temple Classics" series. I have hardly a moment's thought for the Arber reprint, which I do not possess, and leave the discovery of an aged quarto, marked at a mere song, to the godlike dreams of night. Dekker—that "Pasquille madcap," as he calls himself; "with as much poetry in him as one wants," as Charles Lamb (not easily satisfied in that respect) says of him—has always appealed to me in rather a special way by reason of his buoyancy and kindness. Simon Eyre, with his quaint expletives, and his wife—the "bombast-cotton-night-cap-queen"—are

among my favourite characters. Indeed, the whole play, the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, is in its own somewhat domestic way a masterpiece. He lacks the greatness of Ben Jonson, of course; but he lacks also that scathing element which led Jonson to sport with human follies a little cruelly at times, as his treatment of the Puritan shows—and of Dekker himself, for that matter, in their famous quarrel. I wonder why they fell foul of one another. It would be excessively interesting to know the true reason why Jonson's wrath should have been roused against Dekker, of all men—for he was not more unworkmanlike in his plays than many others—to such a pitch that he was obliged to satirise him under the name of Crispinus. Still, Dekker turned and had his say with his *Satiromastix*; or, *The Untrussing of a Humorous Poet*. What times these were!

But to your Hornbook, gull. Dekker must have chuckled—with almost more than a journalist's joy at copy found—when he came upon the German Dede-kind's Grobianus and saw how nicely he could fit the book to his own ends! No one could teach a gull to be a gallant better than Thomas Dekker, for what he did not know about town life need not be called knowledge. Moreover Grobianism—his own word for the form of satire which praises and recommends the thing to be avoided—was the manner peculiarly suited to his personality. And it is delightful to notice that he does not seem ever to have passed so far beyond the realm of the gallant but that he occasionally forgets that in writing of him his tongue should be in his cheek. I hear a certain ring of sincere feeling as he denounces the absurdity of early rising and advises his gull to lie long abed—"Care not for those coarse painted cloath rimes made by ye University of Salerne, that come over you with 'Short let thy sleep at noone be, or rather let it none be.' Sweet candied counsell, but there's rats-bane under it."

He thoroughly enjoyed writing his book: he wrote with such gusto that its freshness—though a mere pamphlet—lasts after the lapse of so many years and the passing of so many fashions; for human nature has an odd way of remaining in essentials the same, and the gull and the gallant, though they have not such picturesque names nowadays, continue to exist, and always will exist as long as there is money to spend and youth to spend it: the cult of the correct thing is as everlasting as youth, always wishing (and quite rightly) to cut a fine figure, though what that figure should be is according to the opinion of the period. The gallant used to ruffle it down Powle's Walk or Chepe Side; the "dog" strolls down Bond Street or Piccadilly. The gallant used to smoke on the stage and listen to Shakespeare; the dog takes his cigar in the promenade of a music hall and applauds the cake-walk. Dekker takes his gull and schools him through the day from noon to midnight, tells him where he should dine, how he should enter an ordinary, what company he should affect, what sights he should see (especially the top of Powle's Steeple, where "I would desire you to draw your knife and grave your name in great characters upon the leades"), how to avoid duns, and how to behave in Duke Humphrey's walks or at the play. And while he laughs at gullery and gallantry, he seems always to remember that his knowledge is not second-hand, and that he himself passed through these same stages of gull and gallant. There is a touch of pride, too, in his memory—the pride of a man who has lived hard and is glad of it. For even in those days, when life hummed, no one lived more "robustiously" than did Thomas Dekker.

Reviews

SYDNEY SMITH

By George W. E. Russell. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

THE career of a wit resembles in one respect the career of an actor. He writes his name in water, and his most brilliant effects are evanescent, like the ripples which disturb the glassy surface of a lake. For the true wit relies not merely upon a whimsical phrase. He jests also with his voice, his hand, his whole bearing. And these accessories played a larger part in Sydney Smith's humour than in the humour of most. As Charles Greville has told us, "his appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to his audience, who were always in fits of laughter." But sixty years ago Sydney Smith's tongue was silenced for ever, and if we would recover even an echo of his wit we must rely upon his own reported words and the testimony of those that knew him.

Mr. George Russell, then, has performed a task of no small difficulty in writing the life of one whose crowning virtue died with him, and he has wisely touched upon his humour with a light hand. And Sydney Smith's career justifies this discretion. A man of letters, a zealous clergyman, a keen pamphleteer and energetic politician, he does not depend for remembrance upon the repetition of half-forgotten jokes. Moreover, the flashes of drollery with which he enlivened the dinner-parties of his friends did not reveal the best side of his talent. He too often made jokes at table, because jokes were expected of him. His very presence was a check upon conversation, for conversation might spoil a jest, and he was doubtless oppressed by the duty laid upon him by others. Whether he was in the vein or not, he was obliged to appear humorous, and sometimes the result may have been as tiresome to others as it must have been to himself. But when he preached or wrote he employed an easy, spontaneous humour, which is never tiresome, because it did no more than illustrate or clench a serious argument. It was but the sauce which gave a piquancy to a well-cooked dish; and even if we know little of the Sydney Smith who "set the table on a roar," we can none the less appreciate the Dean of St. Paul's and the Edinburgh Reviewer, who never ceased to blend the *dulce* with the *utile*.

To a modern ear Sydney Smith's sallies may smack of irreverence, but he joked in the pulpit, as he joked elsewhere, because it was natural for him to joke. He could not help seeing the incongruities of human life. Moreover, to him the Church was a profession rather than a vocation, and he thumped the cushion of his pulpit, to use his own phrase, because he regarded it as his duty. Born in 1771, and educated at Winchester and New College, he was ordained in due course, though, had he followed his bent, he would have been called to the bar. "The law," said he, many years afterwards, "is decidedly the best profession for a young man if he has anything in him. In the Church a man is thrown into life with his hands tied, and bid to swim; he does well if he keeps his head above water." Sydney Smith always kept his head above water, but then the Church never absorbed all his energies. Sent to Edinburgh with a pupil in 1798, he numbered Jeffrey, Horner and Brougham among his friends, and with them he founded "The Edinburgh Review." With character-

istic humour he chose as the motto for the new enterprise *Tenui musam meditamur avena*, which he translated into "We cultivate learning on a little oatmeal"; but the truth of the motto condemned it, and another was found with a blunter point and less chance of being misunderstood. The first number was edited by Smith himself, but his profession called him to London, and Jeffrey, a far more highly gifted editor, took his place. Preferment, however, came slowly, for Sydney Smith was a Whig among Tories, and he was compelled to put his hand to any enterprise that offered. At the outset he lectured on moral philosophy at the Royal Institution, with conspicuous success. The subject, familiar in Edinburgh, was new to London, and Smith was hailed as the preacher of a new gospel. When he lectured there was not room for all those who flocked to hear him, and the neighbouring streets were packed with carriages. But his triumph brought him no pleasure. He assured Jeffrey that he was heartily ashamed of his own fame, conscious that it was ill deserved. When, years afterwards, Dr. Whewell wished to read them, "My lectures are gone to the dogs," wrote Smith, "and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house." But if he knew nothing of moral philosophy, he knew perfectly well how to interest and amuse an audience—a knowledge which never left him, and it is not surprising that people flocked to hear him. For paradox and epigram were always at his command. "Bishop Berkeley," said he, in one of his lectures, "destroyed this world in one octavo volume; and nothing remained after his time but Mind, which experienced a similar fate at the hands of Mr. Hume in 1737."

However, despite their faults, these lectures made Sydney Smith known to the polite world. Henceforth he was a brilliant member of the circle of which Lady Holland was the centre. He was the friend of Rogers and Luttrell and all the other wits. He was a Whig, to whom a crushed party looked for guidance and support, and he was always ready to fight the battle of what he deemed Liberal principles with energy and brilliance. "Peter Plymley's Letters" are among the finest specimens of controversial irony in our literature, and they made so great a stir in England that their author could not but be famous. And then, at the height of his reputation, he was presented to the living of Foston in Yorkshire, and straightway settled down to the life of a country parson. But his gaiety of mind carried him through all difficulties. "I have bought a book about drilling beans," he wrote, "and a greyhound puppy for the Malton Meeting. It is thought I shall be an eminent rural character." And he very soon was. He not only preached to his parishioners, he doctored them when they were sick, and he discussed their crops with them on all occasions, although a few months before he had not known the difference between a carrot and a turnip. Then, too, he designed and built himself a house, which he called the Rector's Head, and there he entertained his distinguished guests from London with so amiable a hospitality that even Luttrell, the famous epicure, "tasted and praised." And all the while he was writing pamphlets, fighting the battle of Catholic Emancipation, and contributing articles to "The Edinburgh Review," whose levity made even Jeffrey shudder.

That a free-lance like Sydney Smith did not find

preferment from the Church is not wonderful. He was never so happy as when he was casting ridicule upon his own cloth, and he could not resist making fun of a bishop. Moreover, he was bold enough to attack both Methodists and missionaries in the "Review," and it was plain to all that in so doing he was walking upon forbidden ground. But he could not help his sense of humour. In his mind gravity and fun were so intimately confused that he was always unable to separate them. For this he suffered in his lifetime, but it is this admirable confusion which makes his essays such good reading to-day. His review of Waterton's "Natural History" is perhaps the best example of his banter. Thus he describes the campanero, a bird of the size of a jay: "The campanero," he writes, "may be heard three miles off!—this single little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding and good family." Again, he writes that "the sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree; but, what is most extraordinary, he lives not upon the branches, but under them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop." The natural history may be bad, but the fun is excellent; and though Sydney Smith was a dignified clergyman, he was none the less the founder of the "new humour"—a fault which was not his own, and for which we cannot blame him.

Mr. George Russell's biography is adequate and sympathetic. He has selected his material with discretion, and has let Sydney Smith tell his own story as far as possible. Now and again the biographer permits his own prejudices to intervene, and so strikes a jarring note. It is not just to call Sydney Smith "a Philistine" because he does not look with a kindly eye upon missionaries and Methodists. Again, to say that Copley was "unscrupulous" is merely to repeat the foolish slander of partisans; and there is no excuse for the habit of exaggeration which can denounce Burke's "diatribes" against the French Revolution as "obscene," and can calmly speak of Swift's "beastliness." But the book is a coherent, intelligible account of a great man. "In ability," said Macaulay, "I should say that Jeffrey was higher, but Sydney rarer. I would rather have been Jeffrey; but there will be several Jeffreys before there is a Sydney." A rare compliment, and well deserved.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Two vols. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4.00 net.)

In these volumes Professor Eliot Norton has given us an important addition to literature. The friendship between him and Mr. Ruskin endured for forty years, and was of the most intimate description. Ruskin writes more like a lover than an ordinary friend. His epistles generally begin "My dearest" and often "My darling Charles," and the little pouting quarrels and reconciliations are exactly such as are likely to occur between a man and his mistress. Pathetic they are from the very extent of time they cover. They began when Ruskin was a comparatively young man of thirty-five, already celebrated, but gay and hopeful, full of schemes of work and plans for the future; they end just before his death, when the old man, weary and thwarted and disappointed, looked forward not only with tranquillity, but almost with longing, to the time when at last he would be "in earth's soft arms reposing." The letters give a more intimate picture of the events of his

pilgrimage than any formal biography could. They inspire us with a certain compassion. His parents, estimable though they were, were not in sympathy with what was best in their son. There is a little anecdote that sets the father before us:

"One evening at dinner, when the cloth was drawn, Mr. Ruskin, senior, in special honour of the occasion, had set before him a decanter of sherry from the cask which had been on board the Victory for Nelson's use in what were to be the last months of his life. Mr. Ruskin was always proud of his sherry, but this wine, of supreme excellence in itself, not only pleased his fine palate but touched his romantic fancy. It had been ripened on a fateful voyage, it had rocked to the thunder of the guns of Trafalgar; a glass of it might have moistened Nelson's dying lips. The old wine-merchant's appreciation of the associations which it evoked was a pleasant exhibition of his suppressed poetic sensibilities."

At that time Ruskin himself is described as possessed of "a sweet gentleness" and consideration for the wishes of others. He had not yet acquired the tone of dogmatism and arbitrary assertion that came to be manifest in his writing. His letters of the period fully carry out that impression. They are full of such sallies as this:

"Go to bed. Moonlight's quite a mistake; it is nothing when you are used to it. The moon is really very like a silver salver—no, more like a plated one half worn out and coppery at the edges. It is of no use to sit up to see that."

The life the letters describe is that of a studious and unworldly recluse whose interests are in art, architecture, letters and the like; too little, perhaps, in the individual human being. It is good for a man that he should bear the yoke in his youth, and if, by having to labour for his daily bread, Ruskin had at an early age been brought into contact with the bare necessities of life and had been obliged to know men as they are, he would probably have been saved from many mistakes afterwards. But he became heir to a fortune of £157,000, and so the stern schoolmistress Poverty had no opportunity of teaching him certain painful but most valuable lessons. We recognise the theorist even in such few judgments of men as appear in these volumes. No one who really knew humanity, for instance, could have bewailed the evil influence of "Don Quixote" in terms such as these:

"It always affected me *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, real chivalry to me; and it is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because, thus vain, they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons, and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness and involved in shame, that I call the book so deadly."

The sentence is Ruskinian to the core, but it simply defies comment. It was the death of Dickens that led to this remark, and here is his opinion of Boz himself:

"It is Dickens's delight in grotesque and rich exaggeration which has made him, I think, nearly useless in the present day. I do not believe that he has made *any* one more good-natured. I think all his finest touches of sympathy are absolutely undiscovered by the British public; but his mere caricature, his liberalism, and his calling the Crystal Palace 'Fairyland' have had fatal effect and profound . . ."

But this sort of distress is that which arises only in the mind of the brooding solitary. And when he praises he is equally extreme, as when he declared of Carlyle that his words are "written in white-hot fire on every

city-wall of Europe." On the contrary, every day seems to show more and more that much of Carlyle was writ in water. He, too, looked at one side, and one side only, till imagination magnified and distorted, and the clear eyes of reason were blinded.

But the passages in these letters that appear to us most unforgettable are those in which the gifted and earnest dreamer speculates on the great mystery of existence. Sad and melancholy are his musings on "the mystery of it all—the God's making of the great mind, and the martyrdom of it, and the uselessness of it all forever as far as human eye can see or thoughts travel." Meditation drove him to what many will think a sad and pessimistic conclusion. On October 10, 1869, he wrote:

"That I am no more immortal than a gnat, or a bell of heath, all nature, as far as I can read it, teaches me, and on that conviction I have henceforward to live my gnat's or heath's life.

"But that a power shaped both the heathbell and me, of which I know and can know nothing, but of which every day I am the passive instrument, and, in a permitted measure, also, the Wilful Helper or Resister—this, as distinctly, all nature teaches me, and it is, in my present notions of things, a vital truth."

In connection with this it is worth while reading his declaration about the Rubaiyat:

"Omar is very deep and lovely. But the Universe is not a shadow show, nor a game, but a battle of weary wounds and useless cries, and I am now in the temper that Omar would have been in, if somebody always stood by him to put mud into his wine, or break his amphora."

Whatever Ruskin's ultimate opinions might be, they did not militate against his resolve to do the best that was possible for his fellow men. Indeed, towards the later period of his life he grew to believe passionately that he had a mission to reform the political economy of the country, and in especial to undo the teaching of John Stuart Mill. Many of us think he would have done well to leave politics alone, but no one will attempt to deny that he, in the truest sense, lived a *vita vitalis*, a life worth living.

THE FALSTAFF LETTERS

By James White. (De La More Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

This delightful little book ought to be most cordially welcomed by all lovers of Charles Lamb, not only for its author's association with the god of their idolatry, but also for its own sake.

Who does not remember "My merry friend, Jem White," who instituted the annual dinner in Smithfield for the young chimney-sweepers, who "carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least," and who, having accosted Dodd, the "Aguecheek" of Lamb's day, with "Save you, Sir Andrew," received for reply "Away, fool!"? White, a schoolfellow of Lamb's at Christ's Hospital, must have been a fellow of infinite jest and one who appealed most strongly to the humorous side of Lamb's character, though there was a time when Lamb's response to his witticisms was not of the heartiest. Writing to Cole-ridge (January 28, 1798), with reference to a quarrel with Charles Lloyd, he says: "He (Lloyd) was hurt that I was not more constantly with him; but he was living with White, a man to whom I had never been accustomed to impart my *dearest feelings*, though from long habits of friendliness, and many a social and good quality, I loved him very much." Subsequently, however, the references to White were thoroughly appre-

ciative, and Lamb appears to have lost no opportunity of recommending the "Letters" to his friends and acquaintances. His interest in the book continued almost up to his death, for we find him giving it to Landon on the latter's visit to him in September 1832.

One interesting fact has been omitted by the editor in his short account of the author. This was related by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his book "The Lambs." It appears that, on Lamb's appointment to the India House clerkship, his father became a surety in £500 in 1792, and in 1810 a fresh bondsman was required—Mr. Hazlitt thinks on promotion—and was found in the person of Mr. James White, "of Warwick Square, newspaper agent."

The chief interest of the "Falstaff Letters" for students of Lamb lies in the question how far Lamb was concerned in their composition; but beyond referring to the statements of Southey, Gutch and Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor does not make any addition to our knowledge. Lamb's part, if any, was probably confined to the Dedication and Preface; otherwise we cannot understand his anxiety to help on the sale of the little book.

Most of the letters are supposed to have been written by Falstaff, the remainder by his friends, either to him or to others. These are very cleverly done, and it is astonishing how they could have been written by such a young man, for White was only about twenty when he composed them. Those from Falstaff are the most interesting, and are full of the humour of the fat knight; but two from Davy to his Master, Justice Shallow, are delightful. The one in which Davy describes the death of Abram Slender (caused by the rejection of his love-suit with sweet Anne Page) was singled out by Lamb as a good specimen of White's style, in his review of the book in "The Examiner" for September 5 and 6, 1819, a few months before White's death. Keeping in mind the fact of Fanny Kelly's rejection of Lamb's offer of marriage, a little less than two months previously, Lamb's comments have a very interesting personal application. "Or are you, reader, one who delights to drench his mirth in tears? You are, or, peradventure, have been a lover; a 'dismissed bachelor,' perchance, one that is 'lass-lorn.' Come, then, and weep over the dying bed of such a one as thyself. Weep with us the death of poor *Abraham Slender*."

We do not, however, think *he* wasted many "idle tears" over the failure of his own love-suit.

BOOKS AND THINGS: A COLLECTION OF STRAY REMARKS

By G. S. Street. (Duckworth & Co., 6s.)

MR. G. S. STREET is a good writer whose pose is the informal, as might be inferred from the seeming careless "Books and Things" and the "stray remarks" of his title. They sound as though he did not take himself seriously—an idea effectually exploded by his prodigal use of the first personal pronoun. He is, however, best when least self-conscious. For example, the papers on Fielding and Sterne, which consist of honest argument, are much superior to any of those which begin with some such personal statement as "It is commonly called the great public, but I am rather sorry for it and would show my sympathy," "I have been reading, &c., &c.," "I am sick," said I to the editor, 'of literary subjects,'" "It was nearly twenty years since I had visited it." Yet there is no law to be laid down on the subject. The problem in good writing is how to reveal personality without obtruding it. To take an example from the book before us, it is the charm and the greatness of Laurence Sterne that he is able to write himself on the

page and that he has a self worth writing. The question so ingeniously discussed by Mr. Street, following Mr. Whibley and Mr. Miller, as to whether it was lack of courage or literary artifice that made Sterne play with the improper instead of either suppressing it altogether or being frank with the frankness of Rabelais, is of very minor importance. The greatness of Sterne as a writer lay in this: that in the whole of the "Sentimental Journey" and in certain immortal pages of "Tristram Shandy" he shows us life exactly as it appeared to his own eyes. But the small egoisms were shorn away as completely as they are in the plays of Shakespeare, where, though the writer is inscrutably veiled, we yet feel his personality in every line. All that the greatest author can do is to carry the reader to a high mountain and show him the world of men—dream, pageant, procession, or what you like to call it—exactly as it appears to his eyes. And if his greatness is to be measured at all, it is by the sweep and depth of his vision. In his estimate of Fielding that is what Mr. Street fails to take into account. For the qualities he possessed no one can overpraise Fielding. His style is for its purpose matchless, his picture of manners unapproached; but there is an inner sanctuary of life to which he had no access. It is where "the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold"; it is where Juliet loves and Ophelia sings and weeps; it is the land of Scott's Lucy of Lammermuir and of all those beings who are compact of tears and blood. Fielding is simply the country gentleman of literature. Land and air and sky he loves, but with no more passion than he can infuse into his Sophia, his dear and wholesome and loveable Sophia. Compare her or Amelia either with Rebecca the Jewess, with Diana Vernon or the other famous heroines of Scott, and it is seen at once where Fielding falls short. The theme is so interesting as almost to carry us away from our subject. But it also bears on one point, that Fielding gave us what every sincere writer is bound to give—his personal equation. Only he does it unconsciously, and self-consciousness is perhaps the most flagrant characteristic of the modern school of which Mr. Street is a very distinguished member. He is so skilful, however, that it seems almost unfair to make him the object of our remarks, which apply more directly to the lower order of those who call themselves impressionists and are remarkable chiefly for the possession of a cherished "liver." They at all events take no pains to purge their small egoisms and conceive that they are modern and personal when "I finished breakfast with something of a headache and languidly, &c."

Another point on which it would be pleasant to argue with Mr. Street is in regard to the paper he calls Provincialism. He makes much ado about the proper definition of this word, but surely the meaning is simple enough. A provincial writer, whatever be his place of residence—Clapham or Pitsligo—is simply a writer for a tea-party. The subject does not matter at all. It might be the parish pump which bulks so much in the eye of the villager and shrinks into so small a space when allotted its just proportion. But the individual "liver" and general "melancholiousness" are in writing exactly what the pump is. He who exaggerates them has only a tea-party in his eye. We have no wish, however, to take leave of Mr. Street in a spirit of fault-finding. The literary essays in this volume, though, as we think, somewhat lacking in depth and clearness, are scholarly and clever, and they abound in "excellent good phrases." Even when we differ from the writer, we find him stimulating and suggestive, and many of these papers were worth reprinting.

THE MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACH

Edited and Translated by Patrick M. MacSweeney, M.A. (Published for the Irish Texts Society by David Nutt. 10s. 6d. net.)

AN interesting feature of Irish Epic, as Mr. MacSweeney remarks in his introduction, is "the variety and number of the minor sagas dealing with heroes of the second grade." Possibly the fact that the vehicle of the early Irish Epos is prose has not less to do with this than the number and individuality of the independent tribal communities. The story-teller was unhampered by any restrictions of metre; he poured forth his unpremeditated prose with an abundance as gratifying to the historical student of to-day as to the warrior of old; so that, in those happy days, it must have been a sorry hero indeed who lacked his sacred bard. Cuchulainn may have employed the cream of early Irish genius, but there remained enough to treat also of the doings of Conghal and of other heroes innumerable, some of whom may hardly have merited the posthumous renown they acquired at the hands of these chroniclers. That Conghal Cláiringhneach headed a revolt against the Aodhrigh sometime in the first century B.C. is probably true enough; but it is doubtful whether we should have heard much of his exploits but for the struggles between the many provincial rulers for the kingship of Ireland in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Conghal saga is, in short, of political origin, even as the "Chanson de Roland" owed its origin to the necessity for glorifying the struggle of Christendom against the Saracen. Chronologically, it belongs to the pre-Cuchulainn stage of the Red Branch Cycle.

This volume appears to be the fifth issued by the Irish Texts Society. It is easy to admire the enthusiasm that prompted the editor in his labour and the completeness with which he has carried out his scheme. The book is produced as well as the most exacting of students could wish. It has preliminary matter enough to furnish out a small volume; then follows the text and translation of the saga, page by page; and finally some forty pages of notes, a glossary and index. For the student the labour was no doubt worth undertaking: the only point upon which the reviewer who is not "in the movement" is likely to join issue with the editor is upon the literary value of the story. In his *Literary Study of the text*, which Mr. MacSweeney includes amongst his numerous introductions, he speaks of the Conghal saga as a work of high perfection. "The incidents are full of dramatic force, and are so correlated as to sustain interest to the end. When we yield our imaginations to it, free from the bias and predilections of the almost morbidly introspective literature of to-day, we are conscious of a certain simple robustness of imagery which possesses a singular charm of its own." Simple robustness is a virtue common to most sagas; it is to be detected here also; but for dramatic force the honest seeker may look long, and go at the last unrewarded. And when the editor goes further, and speaks of the introduction of that "subjective note that is so strong a mark of modern literature," the honest reader can but admire his enthusiasm and marvel at his judgment. Historically the story has its value. A simple directness of diction may be conceded to its author; but the reader who looks for more—for dramatic force or for the modern subjective note—will inevitably be disappointed.

THE GROWTH OF THE MANOR

By Dr. P. Vinogradoff. (Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.)

EVER since Professor Vinogradoff published his "Villainage in England" in 1892, students have been expect-

ing further contributions from him on the political antiquities of this country, and one now comes to us in the shape of lectures delivered at Oxford from the chair of the Corpus Professorship of Jurisprudence. In his former work Professor Vinogradoff dwelt more upon the comparative evidence, using Russian analogues to illustrate English difficulties. In his present work he dwells more upon the influences he sees on English soil. He estimates what was the position of the Celtic tribe founded upon kinship, what was the position of the Roman polity founded upon state organisation of an advanced type, what was the position of Teutonic and Scandinavian tribalism; and then he tries to disengage these elements and estimate the result on the growth of English institutions. His method and the mastery of the details of his subject combine to produce a notable book; but we confess to disappointment that he did not pursue to a greater extent the test of comparative polity. Where he now sees succession from a disestablished or displaced system, he would, we think, sometimes have discovered, under his older method, survival of primitive forms. And to this extent we regret that his unrivalled knowledge of both Slavonic and English institutions has not been put to its fullest use.

But everywhere the master hand is to be noticed. If he submits to the influence of Dr. Seebohm, he does not come under the uncontrolled power of Professor Maitland; and in those chapters where he discusses the legal aspect of the natural communities, he disposes of one of the strongest arguments against them by explaining how inquiries into the juridical character of the Sippe or the Maegth have been conducted "with an exaggerated sharpness of juridical definition and construction and a certain disregard of the peculiar setting given to juridical problems by place and time."

Dr. Vinogradoff gives to the Celtic evidence just that placing which was necessary if we are ever to understand what Celtic polity has done in the building up of the national constitution. It was not destroyed by the Romans. It was twisted, so to speak, from its place; it was, moreover, broken here and there, but it was never destroyed. There is no room, of course, in this view of the case for the exaggerated notions of Celtic influence which some scholars try to bring about, but equally there is plenty of room for a sound basis of legitimate research into Celtic modifications of the Teutonic settlement. Dr. Vinogradoff will have nothing to do with a pre-Celtic social organisation. If it existed, it was swept on one side without much to do, and fell in ultimately to a place in the Celtic polity. This is a subject upon which it is possible to argue, but not to dogmatise, and all we would say is that the evidence is not yet forthcoming for deciding the matter, and that the evidence is rather anthropological than historical.

The Manor comes in at the end of the series of natural social developments and lasts on well into the historical period. In the historical period it gets dated, legalised; handled by king and witan, church and lord; influenced by economic changes and by political events; and historians having attached the Manor to their domain, will not allow the anthropologist and the student of comparative politics to have much say in the matter. But, in spite of documents, there are more elements in the Manor than can be traced to historical origins. Dr. Vinogradoff understands this point well, and his fine study of manorial origins is worth, and will receive, the closest attention.

We have dealt with this work in its broad outlines rather than in its detail. But it is one of its greatest merits that, broad as it is in outline, it is full to the

highest degree of the most valuable details. Documents have been overhauled in order to get from them every fact they can yield, and the result is that we have a mass of material brought together and classified in a manner which must remain of permanent value.

THE DICKENS COUNTRY

By Frederic G. Kitton. (Black, 6s.)

DICKENS

By W. Teignmouth Shore. Miniature Series of Great Writers. (Bell, 2s. & 1s.)

SYNOPSIS OF DICKENS' NOVELS

By J. W. McSpadden. (Chapman & Hall, 1s. 6d. net.)

THE charming volume that stands first on the list is compact of sadness and of pleasure; it is sad reading because it is the last touch of a vanished hand, and it is full of pleasure because it is of the same high order of excellence as was all the work that was done by the late Frederic George Kitton. Mr. Arthur Waugh has performed with great tact and true sympathy the delicate task of writing a memorial introduction, adding to our regret for the untimely death of an accurate scholar regret for the world being made the poorer by the loss of "a true and generous man." Of Mr. Kitton's services to all lovers and students of Dickens it is not necessary to speak, but it is indeed pleasant to be able to record, not out of any kindness to the dead, but of sheer justice, that in "The Dickens Country" we have a work worthy of the subject and of the writer.

The more we learn of Dickens' life the more we are able to understand the method of his work, for no other English writer of fiction embodied in his stories so much of his experiences of life and of his knowledge of places; indeed, to read the story of Dickens' career from boyhood to his death is to read a commentary on his novels of unexampled value and interest. With both human beings and with localities Mr. Kitton has dealt in this volume, telling in brief the biography of the novelist, tracing him from home to home, from the earliest days at Landport, where he was born, to the latest at Gad's Hill, where, pen in hand, he died. As each place is mentioned he tells us what part it played in Dickens' stories; so is it with each person and with many an incident. Strangely enough, however, in dealing with London, Mr. Kitton has practically confined himself to those buildings and quarters of the town with which Dickens was personally connected, leaving untouched the many places which are described in the novels yet which formed no part of Dickens' recorded life. But a difficulty had to be faced: had Dickens' London been entirely covered, there would have been no room for aught else in this volume; also many identifications are matter of guesswork and of controversy, whereas Mr. Kitton was a lover of fact even when he was criticising fiction. Nor are Dickens' foreign residences, in Italy, Switzerland, France, more than touched upon; and the same course is pursued with regard to America. Perhaps it would have been well to have given us a little less concerning Dickens and a little more about his foreign travels, which were not entirely without influence upon his work. The pages tracing "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices" are amongst the most interesting in the book. We should very much like to know on what grounds the King's School at Canterbury is identified with Doctor Strong's, and his private residence with "an old building at the corner (No. 1) of Lady Wootton's Green." In "Copperfield" we read, "I went . . . to the scene of my future studies—a grave building in a courtyard, with a learned air about it." Where, there were tall iron rails and

gates outside the house, great stone urns flanking them, a red-brick wall and so on. Also that "the school-room was a pretty large hall, on the quietest side of the house," "commanding a peep of an old, secluded garden." Now surely this reads that house and school were sheltered under one roof and in no way points to the King's School? At Canterbury a cottage in North Lane is pointed out as the 'umble 'ome of the 'umble Uriah Heep, but of this Mr. Kitton makes no mention, and, indeed, the matter is one of considerable doubt.

That so large a portion of this book is devoted to the country towns and the country-side serves to remind the reader of what is too often forgotten—that, devoted lover of London as Dickens was, he was not only intimately acquainted with several of our counties, notably Kent, but also that country sights and sounds held a large place in his large heart; town vagabonds were a delight to him, so were the tramps and other itinerants who frequented country roads. Some of Dickens' most brilliant descriptive writing was of country scenes, and that he was a close and accurate observer of nature we know from the famous storm in "Copperfield," admired by Ruskin.

The illustrations to this volume are, on the whole, excellent, though we do not understand on what grounds is given the fancy picture of young Dickens at work in the blacking-factory. As we turn from picture to picture it is saddening to note how year by year Dickens' localities are being changed and Dickens' homes and haunts being swept away. "The Golden Cross" of today, both in itself and its surroundings, is scarcely recognisable as one with the hostelry of 1827; Dickens' and Bob Sawyer's home in Lant Street is no more; Furnival's Inn has been entirely rebuilt, with advantage only from the point of view of beauty (no mention is made of Thackeray's famous visit to Dickens); Jack Straw's Castle has been modernised—odious word and odious deed; Tavistock House has been pulled down; the old office of "Household Words" is a victim of the London County Council—a dreary tale to tell and here told but partially. Still, the Dickens pilgrim has left him many a shrine to visit; he can tramp the streets of London, visiting with Dickens, or with the children of his imagination, many a delightful old-world corner. To Canterbury, Dover, Broadstairs; to Ipswich, to Yarmouth, to many a pleasant place he may journey; and wherever he may list to go, he should carry this book with him—a sure and faithful guide, and a pleasant travelling-companion. Would that there were more to come from the same pen, as indeed there may be, for Mr. Waugh mentions a valuable MS. dictionary of Dickens topography. We understand that this MS. is now in America and that it is hoped that arrangements will be made for its publication. As with all Mr. Kitton's work, the MS. is so carefully written that the intervening hand of the "editor" will scarce be needed. For this book to come we shall keep a vacant place next to the volume here reviewed.

Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's "Dickens" in Bell's "Miniature Series of Great Writers" is a model of what such a little book should be. Mr. Teignmouth Shore knows his subject thoroughly; his admiration is tempered by sound judgment, his praise is never exaggerated and he contrives to give a true impression of the life of his author without setting out subjects and incidents that less adroit people might have thought it necessary to mention. The book, in fact, is marked by scholarship, critical ability and good taste.

As to the "Synopsis of Dickens' Novels" of Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, we know not whether more

to admire the compiler's desire to be useful or his solemnity. The man who can sit down and draw up a synopsis of "Pickwick" must surely be an agelast of the worst! And yet Mr. McSpadden is not that; he has, clearly, a sense of the humour of the thing. The most fatal consideration is that Dickens' plots are exactly what no one wants to know or to remember, and while the lists of characters and the short bibliographical notes may be useful to some, we can see no good purpose likely to be served by the remainder of the book.

Fiction

THE BELL IN THE FOG

And other Stories. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan, 6s.) "Authors," observes Mrs. Atherton, generalising gloriously in the eponymous story of this collection, "are far closer to the truths enfolded in mystery than ordinary people, because of that very audacity of imagination which irritates their plodding critics." There are certainly some truths enfolded in mystery, to the explanation of which the present critic is no closer, for all his plodding, than when he began, and the greatest mystery of all is the book itself. It is extraordinary that a writer who has made for herself so considerable a reputation should deliberately republish four old magazine stories, eked out with five apparently new ones and a prologue to an unwritten play, evidently intended to be a dramatised version of her finest novel, "The Conqueror." The stories are not bad, considered as magazine stories. They show, most of them, something of Mrs. Atherton's characteristic qualities—a certain rough power of presentation and an insight into character, especially feminine character. But there is no unifying thought running through all this miscellany. In some we are taken to that mysterious borderland, the "great pale world" which Mr. Henry James has treated with exquisite subtlety in "The Two Magics" and Lucas Malet in "The Gateless Barrier." But Mrs. Atherton's art is not delicate enough for such a theme; neither, to speak plainly, is her mastery over the English language sufficient. "His ego raised its goose-flesh," she says in one place; and, again, "They harlequined their misgivings and were happy when together"; while what are we to say of the word "literally" in "His grey eyes seemed literally to send forth smoke"?

YESTERDAY'S TO-MORROW

By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.) A sharp American lady has recently said that the historical novel is remarkable for its lack of history and novelty, and we fear that Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney's would-be romance of the Restoration will not, in the main, disprove this statement. But it is extremely likely to prove a popular book none the less, for the clever people who like simple novels of theatrical action are many, and their voice is a power in literature. Without disclosing the main plot, we may say that the most effective idea in the book is that connected with the return of a strenuous Cavalier at the time of Charles I., one who has fought from Nottingham to Naseby, and has served as a slave for some twenty years to the latitudinous Court of Charles II. Like all of the many characters in this book—the King and Rupert, the ardent lovers, the courtiers, the Quakers, and so forth—the returned and mysterious Cavalier gives one the impression that he has learnt his part well and plays it for all he is worth, but that the footlights glare upon his endeavours. For, notwithstanding the author's obvious sincerity and interest in her subject, her knowledge of the period, her lush sentiment and popular style, she fails to convince us that her people are of flesh and blood. "Yesterday's To-morrow" is always "a drama of the Restoration" as it lately appeared on the stage of, shall we say, the Imperial, with excellent effects of lighting and curtains that come pat upon a situation. With nicely adjusted theatrical sentiment and a continuous pageantry

of historical characters passing up and down to the music of "Shirley's solemn dirge":—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

THE CHILD ANDREA

By Karin Michaelis. Translated from the Danish by John Nilsen Laurvik. (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.) In spite of the loss that is invariably entailed by the medium of translation—and in this case the loss is considerable, for the book has been rendered into ungrammatical American—it is always interesting to make the acquaintance of a new foreign writer, because he comes to us with two-fold credentials—the enthusiasm of the translator and the judicious acceptance of the English publisher. This story, though quite short, contains proof that Karin Michaelis is an artist. The idea of it is simple and profound. Karstin and Jutta have a child, Andrea, a grown-up daughter to whom each is jealously devoted; but there is no link of love or sympathy between either. The child dies, and sorrow draws the father and mother nearer to one another than they had been before: not so much the sorrow at her death (and the point is significant) as sorrow that her last days were made more terrible by her knowledge of their disagreement. Vigour of imagination is displayed in the delineation of all three characters. They abound with subtle touches, but the invention of devices—the machinery of the story—is not on the same level as the rest of the work: especially do we take exception to the grandmother's letter to Andrea, which she is never able to read, telling her exactly why it is that her father and mother are not happy together. The importance of the letter in the novel is obvious, but we are not at all convinced that an old woman would under any circumstances write thus to a dying child, and this troubles the illusion of reality which is essential to a novel of this type. Hence the book leaves us with the impression that it is the work of a genuine artist, but of an artist who has not yet attained to a full mastery of his craft.

DIANE

By Katharine Holland Brown. (Heinemann, 6s.) This novel is "A Romance of the Karian Settlement on the Mississippi River": a small body of French colonists with communistic views who had been brought to America by Père Cabet; and the story opens in 1856, when most of them were thoroughly tired of him and of the artificial equality enforced under his despotic rule. Diane is his beautiful ward, and as she wears silks and muslins while all the other women must wear sackcloth or its equivalent she is naturally not popular. But the schisms of the commune pale in interest beside the affairs of the American Abolitionists who come into the story. In 1856 to be an Abolitionist was as bad as to be a thief. So there is a divided interest. In one chapter Robert Channing is carrying runaway slaves to safety; in the next Père Cabet is preaching his flock into rebellion. The petty affairs of the Icarians and the quarrel that shall shake the States run side by side. Their separate currents meet in the loves of Robert and Diane. The value of the story depends on its description of the Commune, and to English readers on its sympathy with the intimate, tremendous issues forced on American men and women by the abolition of slavery. Rose Faulkner, the girl who loves Channing but abhors his views and deeds, illustrates the struggle as it presented itself to the individual, riving old affections, breaking old ties. The novel is worth reading for the sake of its pictures of people so near us in point of time, so immeasurably removed from us in sentiment and surroundings. They have charm.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen, 6s.) "No man's a failure till he's dead or loses his courage, and that's the same thing." "There's only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that's inside your income." "Books are all right, but dead men's brains are no good unless you mix a live one's with them." The Chicago pork-

packer has been writing letters to his son again, letters of wit and wisdom. Every boy in the Empire ought to read them, and for that matter every girl, because the qualities the old merchant demands of his son are the qualities a nation wants of all her citizens. It is true that the letters are written by a wealthy business man who considers success in trade the young man's highest goal. The great spiritual ideals are untouched, are perhaps unseen by the hustler. But, to be honest and wise and to work hard is very excellent morality, and never can be preached too widely. Mr. Graham preaches well because he wraps his sermon in such amusing epigrams that you swallow it laughing. When you shut the book you wish the vigorous, kindly, caustic old man was your personal friend; you believe that "though the world has some pretty rotten spots on its skin, it's sound at the core," and you know that the best way to keep it sound is for you to be shrewd and straight and energetic. Incidentally, too, the game pays. "I've found that this is a mighty big world for a square man and a mighty small world for a crooked one." Simple sentiments and healthy. But it was rather unkind of Mr. Graham to lend money to his son's worthless friend and charge the loan to his son's account.

THE GOLDEN BOWL

By Henry James. (London: Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Henry James has here put forward the most important work, in point of bulk and complexity, which he has issued for some time. It is, indeed, the longest novel we have of late years read; close-packed, full of matter, elaborated with remarkable and meticulous precision of labour. It is no novel which he who runs may read. Its every page exacts of the reader concentration; it must be followed with care and patience; nor can the critic without much diffidence judge on a first reading work of such a scale and prepared with so manifest, so conscientious a deliberation. For it is pre-eminently Henry James, and Henry James of the latest, the most difficult refinement. The plot is cunningly contrived, artfully interwoven. Perhaps for "plot" we should say "situation," since (as in all James novels) it is the evolution of character under the development of a situation rather than plot in the usual sense, which is the groundwork of the story. A James situation is always subtle; but this is intricately subtle—so intricate in its subtlety as to intimidate any attempt at brief description or analysis. It is the case of a couple (an Italian Prince and an Anglo-American girl) forced into a false position by a love affair preceding the Prince's marriage to an American heiress; a love affair concealed from the bride, who is the Anglo-American girl's bosom friend. Conceive that the latter girl afterwards marries the bride's millionaire father, is thus brought into permanent relation with the Prince and his bride, and that circumstances drift her into renewing her former connection with the Italian—you then have but a part, the most obvious part, of the tangled web woven by Mr. James. The interest is heightened by the fact that all the four people thus netted in domestic tragedy—indeed, all the chief people of the story—are in their varying measure sympathetic to the reader. The issue (as one foreknows in a James novel) is partial and unsatisfying as life itself. The emotion, the tragedy, though keen, is never violent, never full-blooded. Mr. James knows that modern domesticity is a thing of half-tints, even in its suffering: it bleeds; but it does not bleed red. The "Golden Bowl" is a crystal vessel cased in gold, which plays a part in the tale with somewhat Ibsen-like symbolism; a crystal vessel with a secret flaw, which finally shatters—allegorising the character and fate of the Italian Prince. Not only in length and elaboration is this a novel which claims attention, even among Mr. Henry James's work. As the plot, so is the execution, subtly intricate. Often, alas! but too much so! Mr. James' later work has frequently carried his peculiar qualities to a baffling extreme, and much of this book has the defects of those qualities harassingly in evidence. The intellectuality overpowers the sensuous and objective traits proper to a novel, until one has the impression of reading an abstruse treatise of psychology rather than a tale. The reader is never for a moment

allowed to "take it easy." He is required to be alert always and at all points. Even the inverted commas, to which the schoolgirl looks as marking the green oases in the sands of narration, betoken for him no relaxation of vigilance. We know that in life people often answer to each other's meaning rather than to the thing actually spoken; that you may have passages of dialogue wherein the actual words are but signposts pointing to the intended significance. Especially is this the case with very cultivated intelligence or very uncultivated intelligence, where the sense and habit of language is very trained or very untrained. In the one case it is an art of delicate suggestion, in the other a groping for expression. Mr. Meredith, at his best, handles this manner of dialogue admirably; so, in his separate way, can Mr. James. But in this book it is at times pushed to a nebulousness, a tenuity, which gives one the feeling of walking on tight-ropes. Moreover, people, after all, talk in this way but at moments, under stress of some withheld emotion, impelled by some particular motive. But here people often propound enigmas to each other for page after page, till the wearied reader rebels. Then, too, Mr. James' extraordinary gift in detecting and expressing the most evanescent complexities of psychological feeling, subconscious or unconscious thought, has seemingly become such a passion that he cannot for an instant disembarass himself of it. It overpowers his instinct of proportion: he must analyse everything, important or trivial, with like minuteness and like prolixity. Thus you have page upon page in which the game is beautifully played, but the game was really not worth the candle. Nay, at one point there is the (we should think) unparalleled exhibition of three successive chapters almost wholly engrossed by analysis and unbroken by a single conversation. It is magnificent, but it is scarcely novel-writing. Also, Mr. James' faculty of finessing with and reducing to psychological abstractions what with any other would be the most pedestrian commonplaces of statement, in association with these other things grows rather appalling to the jaded attention of the much-tried reader. But his analysis, in the proper place, triumphs. A father marries his daughter's young friend mainly to satisfy his daughter; and we believe it, for Mr. James persuades us of its truth. When he does concentrate on his story there is the old power and art. He is admirable in sureness and cumulative convincingness: through all the intricate evolutions and changes of emotional situation, which from another hand would seem artificial as a Congreve comedy, he guides us with perfect persuasion of natural truth. Despite exasperations of detail, the novel in the main is masterly. The three leading women are differentiated with the nicest skill: each is living and persuasive. The Prince, in a position somewhat recalling that of Tito Melema, never forfeits the reader's sympathy, or appears less than a natively high-minded man—a Southern man. But the women are the success of the novel. To analyse its charm, its power, is far less easy than to note its defects. But it fairly ranks as a master-work—if a master-work flawed by some of his obscurest later mannerisms. It is not built for popularity; but no lover of Mr. Henry James can neglect it without loss. It is a last word of subtlety, marred at times by subtlety out of place.

Short Notices

THE UNEMPLOYED: A NATIONAL QUESTION

By Percy Alden, M.A. (P. S. King & Son, 1s. 6d.)

It is by no means to depreciate this clear and well-balanced little book to say that perhaps the most important sentence it contains is in Sir John Gorst's preface—a sentence which forcibly struck the writer of this note when recently Sir John was discussing this question with him: "*Nothing degenerates from lack of use faster than the capacity to work.*" Who has not observed this for himself on return from a holiday? (The right word, by the way, is not "degenerates," but "atrophies.")

Accepting, then, the view that the unemployed constantly tend to become the unemployable, Mr. Alden has approached the question in a liberal fashion, carefully avoiding the opportunity to make political capital of his subject. Indeed, he is indebted to opponents on the fiscal question so irreconcilable as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Gorst.

Once we realised—as indeed the author's name certified—that he approached this problem in scientific fashion, we turned to the chapter on the therapeutics of this grave disorder of the body politic. Since the volume was in type, a newspaper has published some details of Mr. Walter Long's proposed enactment to deal with unemployment, and it is a satisfaction to observe no small measure of congruity between the forthcoming Bill and Mr. Alden's views. The spectacle of unemployment, causing not merely direct misery to the innocent, but moral degradation of its subjects, as Sir John Gorst indicates—and this in the twentieth century and the incomparable land where money always abounds for charitable purposes, but where the scientific treatment of charitable impulses is yet in embryo—sometimes causes one to think that, *pace* Leibnitz, this is the worst of all possible worlds; but recent indications serve to show that wiser views are beginning to prevail; and we can really seek no better cause for hope than in a phenomenon so striking as this synchronism between the expression of the views of a non-partisan thinker, and the promulgation of Mr. Long's Bill. This is a quite striking exception to the general rule that the English politician is commonly just two generations behind the thinker. But, of course, Mr. Alden is on the Mansion House Unemployed Committee.

RELIGION FOR ALL MANKIND

By Charles Voysey. (Longmans, 2s. net.) In a volume of 224 pages, dedicated "in all humility" to the Supreme Being, the Rev. Charles Voysey has undertaken to provide a "religion for all mankind, based on facts which are never in dispute." At the same time he informs us on page 9 of his preface that "It is the right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion." It is difficult to understand how these essentially contradictory theses can be maintained; and, in fact, they are not maintained, save by eclectic methods of belief as fairly open to criticism as those Mr. Voysey seeks to combat. The subject matter is of too controversial a nature to be discussed in these pages from a theological point of view; and it would involve a triangular debate, in which the orthodox believer in revelation and the philosophic doubter would equally oppose Mr. Voysey's conclusions. There are doubtless minds which are satisfied with the theistic hypothesis, and to them Mr. Voysey's statement of the case will be welcome. That it will convince any scientific thinker, or prove more than a stone to many who ask for bread, is difficult of belief.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the

writer's name, in the ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 3 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than February 13.

Books Received

Art

The Masterpieces of Van Dyck. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net. (Reproductions of sixty Hanfstaengl photographs.)

Biography

- Shore, W. Teignmouth, Dickens. Bell, 1/0. (See Review, page 127.)
 Simpkinson, C. H., Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General (Temple Biographies). Dent, 4/6.
 Russell, George W. E., Sydney Smith. Macmillan, 2/0 net. (See Review, page 122.)
 Fitzgerald, Percy, Lady Jean: a Study of the Douglas Cause. Unwin, 21/0 net. (The plith of the Great Douglas Cause was whether Lady Jane Douglas, who married at or about the age of fifty, was really the mother of the twin boys, whom she produced as heirs to her brother's estates.)
 Pollard, A. F., Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation, 1489-1556. "Heroes of the Reformation." Putnam, 6/0.
 Dobson, Austin, Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arbly, Vol. III. Macmillan, 10/6.
 Scott, A. MacCallum, Winston Spencer Churchill. Methuen, 3/6.
 Dent, Edward J., Alessandro Scarlatti: his Life and Works. Arnold, 12/6 net. (A scholarly and interesting life of a musician whose biography has never before received proper attention in England. Plentiful extracts from Scarlatti's music.)
 Kitton, Frederic G., The Dickens Country. Black, 6/0. (See Review, page 126.)

Economics

Ackworth, W. M., The Elements of Railway Economics. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2/0 net. (A text-book of railway economics, the need of which struck Mr. Ackworth as lecturer at the London School of Economics.)

Educational

Ellery, T. B., The "Concise" Arithmetic for Schools, Parts III. and IV., Scheme B. Black, 0/3.

Fiction

- Jackson, Wilfred S., Helen of Troy. New York: John Lane, 6/0. (An amusing farcical tale of how Paul Arden, who had a taste for private theatricals, was drawn into a duel as second, and made use of his histrionic gifts to escape the consequences.)
 Mende, L. T., Little Wife Hester. John Long, 6/0. (So far as we can discover from the defective copy sent us, there is nothing to distinguish this from the other medical stories of this author.)
 Cleve, Lucas, Stolen Waters. Unwin, 6/0. (An "unpleasant" story of a clergyman who drinks and a girl with a "past"; but it is cleverly written.)
 McCutcheon, George Barr, The Sherrods. Ward Lock, 6/0. (A man and his two wives: one in England, the other in Chicago.)
 Barnes-Grundy, Mabel, The Vacillations of Hazell. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 6/0. (Mild but amusing. The story seems largely to consist of spring cleaning.)
 Atherton, Gertrude, The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories. Macmillan, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
 Wilson, M. F., When the World went Wry. Sonnenschein, 6/0. (A very mild story, suitable for girls.)
 Mott, F. B., Before the Crisis. John Lane, 6/0. (An amateurish story of John Brown, the abolitionist hero, by an American author.)
 Lane, Elinor McCartney, Nancy Stair. Heinemann, 6/0.
 Fitzpatrick, Kathleen, The Weans at Rowallan. Methuen, 6/0.
 Ystriddle, G., Three Dukes. Unwin, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
 James, Henry, The Golden Bowl. Methuen, 6/0. (See Review, page 129.)
 Brown, Katharine Holland, Diane. Heinemann, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
 Holdsworth, Annie E., A New Paola and Francesca. Lane, 6/0.

Gardening

McIver, D. Grant, Pruning, Training, and Trimming Trees and Shrubs. Dawbarn & Ward, 0/6.

History and Archaeology

- Wall, J. Charles, Shrines of British Saints. Methuen, 7/6 net. (A new volume of "The Antiquary's Books.")
 Daly, Augustus A., The History of the Isle of Sheppey. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 2/6 net.
 Griffin, A. P. C., Select List of References on Impeachment. Library of Congress, Washington.
 Bain, Nisbet R., Scandinavia: a History of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden from 1513 to 1900. Cambridge Historical Series. Cambridge University Press, 7/6.

Okakura-Kakuzo, The Awakening of Japan. Murray, 5/0.
 Ford, Worthington Chauncey, Papers of James Monroe. Library of Congress, Washington.

Literary

Gibbs, Philip, Facts and Ideas: Short Studies of Life and Literature. Arnold, 3/6. (Able short papers, originally contributed to various periodicals with the object of introducing young people, working men, and others to various branches of study.)

Miscellaneous

Latham, Edward, Who Said That? A Dictionary of Famous Sayings, with their Sources. Routledge.

Military

Fraser, David, A Modern Campaign. Methuen, 6/0. (Mr. Fraser was sent by "The Times" to establish the wireless telegraphy station at Wei-hai-wei, and afterwards accompanied Kuroki's army.)
 Villiers, Frederic, Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers. Longmans, 7/6 net.

Poetry

Carryl, Guy Wetmore, The Garden of Years. Putnam, 6/0. (There is sterling vigour and much lyrical beauty in these verses by a young American author, recently deceased.)

Reprints and New Editions

Wordsworth, William, Resolution and Independence. Lane, 1/6 net.
 Adam, L. Gowans, The Hundred best Poems. R. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net.
 Die Besten Gedichte. R. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net.
 Smiles, Samuel, Lives of the Engineers, George and Robert Stephenson: Lives of the Engineers, Boulton and Watt. Murray, 3/6 each.
 Schreiner, Olive, Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland. T. Fisher Unwin, 1/0 net. (Uniform with the new issue of Mark Rutherford's books.)
 The Lamb Shakespeare for Young People: The Tempest. De la More Press, 1/6 net.
 The Robert Browning Calendar and Birthday Book, selected by M. E. Gibbings. De la More Press, 2/6 net.
 White, James, The Falstaff Letters. De la More Press, 1/6 net. (See Review, page 124.)

Science

Caton, Richard, M.D., F.R.C.P., (1) I-em-hotep and Ancient Egyptian Medicine; (2) Prevention of Valvular Disease. The Harveian Oration, June 21, 1904. Cambridge University Press, 3/0 net.
 Grimaldi, A. B., M.A., Catalogue of Zodiacs and Planispheres Ancient and Modern. Gall & Inglis, 2/0 net.

Sociology

Report of Proceedings at the Sixth Congress of the International Co-Operative Alliance.

Theology

- Burton, Ernest de Witt, Principles of Literary Criticism and the Synoptic Problem (The Decennial Publications). University of Chicago Press, \$1 net.
 Purvis, the Rev. David, The Life Everlasting. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 4/0 net. (Papers on the Life Everlasting, Resurrection, and Future Life and Immortality in Literature.)
 Burn, A. R., D.D., Niceta of Remesiana: his Life and Works. Cambridge University Press, 9/0 net. (Editio Princeps based on many new manuscripts; the introduction occupies 160 pages. Niceta was the author of the *Te Deum*.)
 Voysey, Charles, Religion for all Mankind. Based on facts which are never in dispute. Longmans, 2/0 net. (Written to replace the book entitled "Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin," now out of print. See Review, page 130.)
 Wood, Irving F., The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature: a Study in the History of Religion. Hodder & Stoughton, 6/0. (By the Professor of Biblical Literature and Comparative Religion in Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Part I.: The Spirit of God in Hebrew Thought. Part II.: The Spirit of God in New Testament Thought. Part III.: The author's conclusions, briefly stated and without technicalities. A short bibliography.)
 Church History in Luganda. S.P.C.K., 1/4. (A translation by the Rev. Henry Wright Duta Kitakula of Robertson's "Sketches of Church History during the First Six Centuries.")
 Ekitabo Ekitegeza Katekismu Eya Kanisa. S.P.C.K., 0/6. (A translation into Luganda, by the Rev. F. Rowling, of Norris's "Manual on the Prayer-Book.")
 Wordsworth, John, D.D., Teaching of the Church of England on some Points of Religion. Arabic-English Edition, translated by the Rev. Simon Stephen. S.P.C.K., 2/0.
 Ukuhamba Kwenposi Nomsindisi Wetu. S.P.C.K., 1/0. (A translation into Zulu of Father Osborne's "The Children's Saviour.")
 Mitchell, E. J. Murray, Shukuda Za Dini Ya Kimasilia. S.P.C.K., 1/4. (Evidences of the Christian religion in Swahili.)
 Hallifax, Sydney, The Heart of Humanity. Brimley Johnson, 5/0 net. (Thoughtful essays, somewhat "liberal" in tone, by an author of wide reading and considerable freshness of idea.)

Topography and Travel

Khan, Hadji, With the Pilgrims to Mecca. John Lane, 12/6. (The journey of Hadji Khan, special correspondent of "The Morning Post," and Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow, in 1902. Introduction by Professor A. Vambéry.)

Periodicals

"Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Geological Society of London," "Notes and Queries," "The British Journal of Photography," "Connoisseur," "Cassell's Magazine," "Chambers's Journal," "Independent," "Fortnightly Review," "Every Boy's Monthly" (0/1; a new venture in the production of a cheap monthly magazine for boys. Copiously illustrated. Containing an instalment of a story by Sir A. Conan Doyle), "Cornhill Magazine," "Cunard Christmas and New Year Atlantic Souvenir," "Journal of Theological Studies," "Century Illustrated," "Home Magazine of Fiction," "Pearson's Magazine," "Manchester Quarterly," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Temple Bar," "Windsor Magazine," "Commonwealth," "Isis," "New York Times Saturday Review," "Surveyor," "Antiquary," "Occult Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," "Lippincott's Monthly Magazine," "Cambridge University Reporter," "Dawn of Day," "Harper's Weekly," "Bookman," "Collector's Magazine," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Myaore Review," "Boston Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin," "Bibelot," "Westminster Review," "Bookman" (Cervantes Number), "Gardener," "Indian Sociologist," "Dana," "Golden Sunbeams," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Nature," "Educational Times," "To-day" (February 1, 1905. The first of the new series at 0/1), "Sale Prices" (supplement to "The Connoisseur").

"School World," "Book Monthly," "Buddhism," "Independent Review," "United Service Magazine," "Library," "Library Assistant," "Burlington Magazine," "Geographical Journal," "Fortnightly Review," "Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow," "Notes and Queries," "Author," "Architectural Review," "Transactions of the Essex Archaeology Society," "Index of the Archaeological Papers," "Cambridge University Press Bulletin."

Sport

White, Stewart Edward, *The Mountains*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6 net. (Sporting experiences of a party on the West Coast of North America. Well and vigorously written by the author of "The Blazed Trail," and illustrated by Fernand Lungren.)

Foreign**Educational**

Biese, Dr. Alfred, *Römische Elegiker*. Leipzig: G. Freytag, 1m. 20pf. Siepmann, *Primary French Course, Part II*. Macmillan, 2/6.

Fiction

Georget, Alphonse, *Emancipées: Mœurs Parisiennes*. Lemerre, 3f.50c. (Another volume of the "Pages de la Vie contemporaine.")

Theological

Brandon-Salvador, Marguerite, *A Travers les Moisons*. Paris: Félix Alcan, 4f. (Extracts from the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Apocryphal and medieval authors for each day in the year.) Sabatier, Paul, *Examen de Quelques Travaux Récents sur les opuscules de Saint François*. Paris: Fischbacher.

Economics

Guirand, Paul, *Études Economiques sur l'Antiquité*. Paris: Hachette, 3f.50c.

Periodicals

"Le Courrier Européen," "La Vérité sur le Congo," "Deutsche Rundschau," "Altpreussische Monatsschrift," "Mercure de France," "Le Mois Scientifique," "Norsk Familie Journal."

Catalogues

Bernard Quaritch, Francis Edwards, Bertram Dobell, Douglas & Foulis, Charles Higham.

The Man Richard Strauss

NOT the musician, the composer, the conductor, the artist or the creator, but just the Man, as he lives and moves and has his being. Richard Strauss, although he is beyond all question the one great dominating figure in the world of music to-day, does not at first sight suggest the typical musician. He is not burly and leonine as were Beethoven and Rubinstein; neither is he delicate and *chétif* like Chopin or Mozart; but the initial impression, which on nearer acquaintance is fully confirmed, is that of an essentially thinking man whose genius might take the form of literature maybe, or perchance painting, but certainly not music.

Rather above the middle height, fair in complexion, with deep-set eyes of a palish blue, short hair over an exceptionally high forehead, a small sandy moustache, a straight, small nose and firm lips. Such is the bare portrait of the man, to which must be added a pair of working but not artistic hands, the fingers spatulate rather than taper, an entire absence of nervousness, a quick, decided manner of speaking and an attire which is as neat and unobtrusive as that of a diplomat. Watch him conduct the orchestra at the Berlin Opera. There is no unseemly swaying or ugly contortion, no monkey-tricks of manner, but a firm, decided simple beat, with scarce an indication beyond the use of the *bâton*. Even the head barely moves, and the torso not at all. There is rather more animation when he conducts a concert orchestra on a platform, but even then the whole figure is self-contained and dignified.

Away from his orchestra, his piano and his scores, Richard Strauss is a strange mixture of frank simplicity and profound depth; a curiously complex individuality, probably the product of an intensely high form of intellectual culture, for Strauss, almost alone among great musicians, is an extraordinarily cultivated man. The other exceptions to the general rule of crass ignorance of any art and science outside their own are, first and foremost, Hans von Bülow, and then Liszt and Mendelssohn. The average musician is intensely self-ab-

sorbed; his letters and his conversation show it. If you did not know who the man was, you might talk for an hour with Richard Strauss and not know that he was a musician and a genius. You would come away with the impression that you had met an exceptionally well-informed man, conversant with the latest developments of science and politics, well versed in ancient and modern literature, more than commonly interested in painting and sculpture, no stranger to sport and possessed of a very keen sense of humour; no ordinary man and, indeed, no ordinary musician.

The extent and variety of his intellectual interests may be gauged even in the titles and subtitles of his great works. In "Ein Heldenleben," for instance, we have the Hero, followed by his Antagonists, his Companion, his Battlefield, his Words of Peace, his Renouncement of the World and the Fulfilment. The Hero is not a single poetical or historical figure, but rather a general ideal of manly heroism in the abstract; not the heroism to which one can apply the every-day standard of valour, with its material rewards, but that detached heroism which describes the inward battle of life and which aspires through effort and renouncement towards the elevation of the soul.

Again, in "Also Sprach Zarathustra," that great tone poem, with its subtle subdivisions into: Concerning the Men of the Backworld; of the Great Longing; of Joys and Passions; the Grave-Song; of Science; the Convalescent; the Song of the Dance; and the Song of the Night Wanderer, we have not, as has been falsely alleged, a musical interpretation of Nietzsche's philosophy, but "a representation of the various stages of development of humanity as conceived by Nietzsche, or the soul's history of a man who ends by becoming a disciple of Nietzsche"—which is a very different thing. Only a scholar, a man of vast learning and deep thought, could conceive the comprehensive scheme of any one of Strauss' great works. Their formulæ may be in terms of music, but their intrinsic purpose and value are human in the widest and most general sense.

Lastly, an anecdote just to illustrate Strauss' quickness of wit and sense of humour. On one of his visits to London he was entertained at a dinner at which musicians and critics were present. One of them made a speech, long and flattering to fulsome, concluding with the sentiment: "Richard Strauss knows all. He is the Buddha of composers." During the applause that followed Strauss remarked in an undertone to his neighbour: "If I am a musical Buddha, then that last speaker is a musical Pesth!"

Science

The New Theory of Matter

THE statement was recently made in "The Academy" that the dogma of the conservation of matter is no longer believed by modern physicists, and a correspondent very naturally asks for further discussion of this "law," which has held sway in men's minds for a century—a reign coextensive more or less, with that of the indivisible atoms of Dalton. The assertion of the conservation of matter—which we really owe to the great Lavoisier, aristocrat and chemist, not spared by the unrighteous excesses of a most righteous Revolution—and the assertion of the integrity of the atom are obviously complementary. It is radium the revealer that has caused the supersession of both.

Of course, the law of the conservation of matter still holds for the ordinary purposes of the chemist. If you

weigh and then burn a candle in suitable conditions, you can show that nothing was lost in the process—the resultant gases contain all that was in the candle. But the chief discovery of the twentieth century hitherto is a confirmation of the central dogma of “First Principles” as applying even to the “foundation-stones of the material universe,” to use the phrase I quoted from Clerk-Maxwell last week. Observe that we are promised an English translation of M. Gustave le Bon’s views on the *evolution of matter*! And if, as is already abundantly proved, matter itself is but a transition stage in the evolution of Something else, we can plainly no longer speak of its conservation.

Premising, then, that physicists are now coming to believe that radio-activity is a property of all matter, let us look at it as shown in radium. Let us also premise that the disintegration or evolution theory of the radium atom has lately been accepted by its one outstanding opponent, Lord Kelvin, who may probably be regarded as the greatest physicist of any age. With his conversion to it the theory now to be presented in outline may be said to be established.

An atom of radium—and the atoms of all the other so-called elements differ only in detail—consists of a large number (probably hundreds of thousands) of incredibly minute bodies known as electrons. These are in rapid motion, describing orbits, as is believed, around some central point. So small are the electrons that the distances between them are relatively as great as those between the planets of the Solar System. In size they are to the atom “as a full stop to a cathedral.” But even when we substitute for the simple conception of an atom entertained by Democritus, or Newton, or Dalton—that of a minute hard speck—such a conception as modern physics entertains, we do not necessarily impugn its *stability*. Such a complex atom, microcosm though it be, might conceivably be conserved, permanent, indestructible. But far more remarkable than our recent discovery of the complexity of the atom is the discovery that it is only a stage in all-embracing evolution. All the phenomena of radio-activity—the production of heat and light and electrical disturbances—are due to the fact that these atoms of matter are *not* conserved, but are impermanent not merely from second to second, but from one-millionth of a second to another. By the action of causes yet dimly guessed these electrons are constantly flying out from the atomic system, and pass, at speeds comparable with that of light, outwards to an unknown fate.

Here, as the acute reader will observe, I have an excellent opportunity of begging the question. Having shown that the atom is not conserved, I might rest content and try to persuade him that I have disposed of the conservation of matter. But he will say, “Not so fast, my friend. I grant that your so-called atoms are falsely so called, but what if I propose to transfer this term to the electrons of which the atoms (literally, the uncut) are now known to be composed? Plain it is that if the electrons be permanent, then the law of conservation of matter stands. Recent discoveries have only given it more accurate expression. It will not do to juggle with the term ‘atom,’ as if it were not your own fault that it has hitherto been misapplied.”

In attempting to meet this most legitimate criticism I must first ask, What is an electron? Is it a hard, impenetrable, indestructible speck of stuff or matter? At first sight it might appear to be such, for it is certainly possessed of *mass* and *inertia*, and our minds will not permit us to imagine that it does not occupy space. But recent study has shown that mass (which may conveniently be here regarded as equivalent to weight)

and inertia are properties of electricity. All matter, in short, is an electrical phenomenon.

Now we are in deep waters, and I am not sure that contemporary physics, utterly remaking as it is, can quite keep its head above them. But if we admit that the electron is the unit of matter, and that it is electrical, and then find evidence to show that it is a “particle” of “negative electricity” we can at any rate convince ourselves, even while admitting our sore need of a brand-new vocabulary, that the electron is really no more than a transient expression of a *relation*. When a negative and a positive charge of electricity—I quite admit that we hardly know what we are talking about—have met and “satisfied their affinity” for each other, they each cease to be. There is no annihilation of the Something of which they are transient expressions, but there is annihilation of the temporary relation which formerly was, and in virtue of which they existed. Matter, then, is no more than the transient expression of a transient electrical relation.

I have every sympathy with the reader who has now come to the conclusion that modern physics, if this be a sample of it, is hardly distinguishable from metaphysics; but at least he will accept my word that I am not aiming at a general befuddlement, nor trying to refine matter into an abstraction, when I call it, in the most accurate language at my command, an expression of a relation. I have attempted briefly to indicate the problems upon which all physicists are now engaged, since they realise that the last few years have given us a modicum of truth and a first step onwards, beside which all previous inquiry into the nature of matter may be regarded as nugatory and stationary.

The late Professor Tait, joint-author with Lord Kelvin of the leading work on physics in any language, was fond, as one who had the honour of sitting at his feet remembers, of styling the law of the conservation of energy “this grand principle.” He never showed the same enthusiasm for the law of the conservation of matter, though there was no reason, at that time, why he should not regard the two as peers. But Tait had the insight which many a most distinguished and useful servant of science does not possess. I fancy this partiality of his, which has often been remarked upon, was due to what we may perhaps call an intuitive perception that the two laws are not peers; in short, that the law of the conservation of energy would ultimately be found to include the other. And so it has turned out. Whilst no one can now regard matter as other than a phase of the cosmic activity, yet no physicist is one whit disturbed in his belief that the Power of which matter is an expression is Eternal and uncreatable. Atoms may come and atoms may go, “and leave not a wrack behind,” but assuredly this Power goes on for ever. The last problem of all philosophy is the relation of this Power or Energy to the Mind by which it is known. In the last analysis, is this relation an Identity? Spinoza said yes, and Goethe declared his framing of and answer to this question to be the greatest, truest and profoundest thought of all the ages.

C. W. SALEEBY.

THE Board of Agriculture and Fisheries desire to give notice of the publication of a “Handbook to a Collection of the Minerals of the British Islands in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, London.” Copies of this handbook may be obtained from any agent for the sale of Ordnance Survey maps, from the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, or through any bookseller, price 1s.

Drama

The Plays of Sudermann

Hermann Sudermann, Poète Dramatique et Romancier.
Par Henri Schoen. (Paris: Henry Didier.)

WHEN one looks down the list of Sudermann's plays one realises with something like a pang the deplorable state of the theatre in England at the present time. Here is a dramatist of European celebrity whose works are played in every country on the Continent. How many of them have been played in England? How many of them have even been translated into English? "Magda" of course we know, for it furnished Mrs. Patrick Campbell with one of her successful rôles. "Sodom's Ende" (disguised under another title to appease the scruples of the Lord Chamberlain's office!) had a brief and inglorious career in London about a year ago, but neither the quality of the performance nor the quality of the English version gave it any hope of success. "Es lebe das Leben" was produced by Mrs. Campbell two seasons ago, but insufficient rehearsals and an inadequate performance proved fatal to it. The other works of Sudermann have only been seen in London, if at all, in isolated performances, either at the German Theatre or in the *répertoire* of some travelling company of foreign artists who have made a temporary descent on our shores. Thus the German Theatre have played "Die Ehre," "Das Glück im Winkel," "Johannisfeuer," and "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates." "Johannes" has never been given here in any language, and, in a country where Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was refused a licence, is presumably unlikely to be given unless the Stage Society comes to the rescue with a performance of it. It is a humiliating thought that England, with what are called "free institutions," should contrive to remain, in matters of dramatic art, so hopelessly behind despotically governed Prussia, but so it is. The reasons for this state of things are probably twofold. One is that very real distrust and dislike of anything like fine art which is such a feature of the English character. The other is unquestionably our English censorship of plays. In politics we may—and do—plume ourselves on having representative government and the rest of it. But in matters dramatic Russia itself is not more hopelessly enslaved.

In writing of the career of Hermann Sudermann one is inevitably led to refer to the censorship, because it was that institution which nearly succeeded in throttling the modern realistic school of drama in Germany. But for the establishment of the Freie Bühne (Independent Theatre as we should say) at Berlin in 1889, it is probable that Sudermann would have abandoned the career of a dramatist altogether. Certainly his work for the stage must have assumed a different character. The Freie Bühne was an Association of men interested in literature and in the theatre for the production of plays of the modern realistic school. It was a sort of Stage Society, in fact. The performances were technically private, and therefore did not require the licence of the censor, but they were widely attended, much written about in the Press, and hotly discussed, and it is certain that they produced an effect in modifying the rigid attitude of the official mind towards the drama of such writers as Hauptmann and Sudermann. They did not succeed in abolishing the censor altogether. The production of "Sodom's Ende" was only sanctioned after its author had trimmed and pared it to satisfy that

functionary, and that of "Johannes" was only permitted after months of hesitation. But the obstinate conservatism of Berlin was fortunately shaken by the success of the Freie Bühne, and the relative freedom which the Berlin stage at present enjoys as compared, for example, with our own, is mainly due to that Association. If the Stage Society can succeed in doing the same thing for London we may yet have a drama in England that compares in importance with the contemporary drama of France, of Germany and of Scandinavia.

Dr. Schoen's book is interesting for the very full and accurate accounts it gives of the plot of each of Sudermann's plays. These are narrated with clearness and always with sympathy. On the critical side it is not so good. The writer is at times the victim of that terrible tendency (which used to mar so much of Mr. Archer's work on Ibsen) to deduce a lesson from his author's work and provide him with a mission. Ibsen is the most objective of dramatists, the most detached, the most dispassionate. He drew mankind as he saw them. His characters are human beings observed with the eye of a master and drawn with ruthless fidelity. Yet to read much that has been written about him in England one would suppose that he was mainly concerned with promulgating certain doctrines as to the emancipation of women or the institution of marriage. Similarly, Sudermann is primarily an artist depicting life as he sees it. You can draw a moral from his presentment of things if you choose, just as you can draw a moral from a case in the police courts or from the upsetting of a Clapham omnibus. But the interest and the value of his work lie in his presentment of life, not in your deductions from his presentment. "Heimat" ("Magda") is a great play because it deals with an intensely human situation, because the struggle between the old, clinging to their authority, and the young, asserting their right to liberty, is eternally interesting, and because the various characters, Magda herself, her mother and father, her gentle sister Marie, the well-meaning pastor Heffterdingk, and the miserable Keller, are all admirably drawn and admirably contrasted. To say that the play would be improved if Magda were a more "sympathetic" character is to misunderstand Sudermann's object in writing it. His is not the vulgar ambition to furnish us with a "heroine" who shall absorb all our sympathies to the exclusion of the rest of the characters. Sudermann is much too good a naturalist and much too good an artist for that. Where the old-fashioned dramatist, in dealing with Magda's life, would have been content to show us only one side of the question, he shows us all sides. He claims our sympathy, or at least our comprehension (which is sympathy in the making), for all his characters, even down to the wretched Keller. Far from wishing us to side wholly with Magda, he shows us that she is vain and self-willed and fond of luxury, just as he shows us that her father, with all his grey hairs and high sense of honour, is an obstinate and tiresome old gentleman; that Heffterdingk, with his good intentions and moral earnestness, is a man of small brain and no imagination, whose interference is disastrous and his advice idiotic; and in fact that the family generally are a very ordinary and human family, neither better nor worse than their neighbours, and deserving our sympathetic attention just because they are of like passions with ourselves and not embodiments of an imaginary perfection. "Il n'y a que les lâches et les paresseux qui s'entourent d'idylles trompeuses." If Magda had done as Dr. Schoen would have liked her to do, and in place of that terrific suggestion to her exasperating father, "How do you know

if he was the only one?" had made a speech about her art and her child and generally comported herself like the rhetorical heroine of romance, she might have been a more admirable character, but she would have been a far less human and interesting one. Dr. Schoen complains that both in "Heimat" and in "Die Ehre" he has an uncomfortable feeling that the sympathies of the author are not always with one character, but shift now to one, now to another. This is perfectly true. The sympathies of Sudermann are hardly ever with any one character in his plays to the exclusion of the others. His aim, and Ibsen's aim, is to endeavour to express the personality of all his characters *from their own point of view*, and therefore to sympathise with them all. That is the point in which modern realism is so much greater than the old romanticism, and it is the glory of Ibsen to have so often attained to this complete detachment, and of Sudermann to have followed in his footsteps.

Art

Events and Tendencies in 1904

THE past year, if it has been notable for the death of the great veteran G. F. Watts, has been important in other ways. As a period of change and transition it has shown signs of many things which must always occur in the early part of a new century, and I would beg for a little patience in favour of my attempt to separate these events from that which seems but the mere use and wont of the artistic year. I admit that my assumption that a new century brings about a difference in things is in itself a fiction or convenience of speech, a habit of mind which likes to view events in picturesque perspectives with recognisable landmarks, and that twelve months is a very short time in which to detect change or development; yet the past year has shown a departure from the well-worn tracks which marked the end of the last century; new ground has been broken, and one or two new signposts set up. While these few pages are in hand, two difficulties of great importance have occurred, whose solution should be of importance in the future, since they affect the management of our museums; and these afford the evidence of a nation's value of art, and influence directly or indirectly the tendencies of public opinion. The directorship of the Victoria and Albert Museum has become vacant, and the National Gallery is also without a director, Sir Edward Poynter not having sought re-election to this difficult post which he has filled for ten years. These subjects are almost beyond the scope of this article; but on the readiness of those in authority to solve these two vexed questions must depend a great deal, and one might wish that the final settlement of these matters rested in other official hands than those indirectly responsible for the past state of affairs. The vacancy at South Kensington calls for the election of a man, or body of men, capable of coping with what amounts to the reconstruction of that museum. That which Mr. Claude Phillips had to do for the Wallace Collection will have to be done at South Kensington; the effect of its reconstruction counts in the formation of the national taste and should influence the art industries. So far, South Kensington has been out of gear and control, unwieldy and inert.

The directorship of the National Gallery is no less important, though the museum is formed and does not require remaking. The post should be given to a man

of profound and varied knowledge and experience; it must not fall (as it has been rumoured) into the hands of some popular good fellow or well-supported "official museum official." We expect the selection of men for these vacancies to be made in good faith, and, with a view to the more intelligent interest which the public takes in these matters, a man with the knowledge and experience of Mr. Sidney Colvin is required; or, failing him, Mr. Claude Phillips should be elected as a set-off to the genius and insight of Doctor Bode, the great director of the Gallery at Berlin, to whose energy and insight we owe the loss of many masterpieces bought in England.

This last remark may seem uncalled for, since, during the last year at least, the National Gallery has benefited by two priceless additions which count as events in the history of the Gallery. The early portrait by Dürer and the earliest known portrait by Titian have each filled gaps in our collection which seemed likely to remain empty; they are priceless as art, and priceless historically. These two important works have at least not been allowed to drift out of the country like the "Millais" Holbein, the "Ashburnham" Rembrandt, the two "Peel" Van Dycks, the "Willet" Ghirlandajo, the "Ashburnham" Botticelli and the "Darnley" Titian, only to mention works which count among the masterpieces of each of the above masters. The Greek Department at the British Museum has benefited already by the additions made by the new director, and we may expect a break from that period of stagnation which hung upon that department in recent years.

The most prominent event and the greatest sign that the public has become alive about the future of our permanent collection has been expressed by the agitation which culminated in the Chantrey Fund inquiry. The official report is excellent reading and reveals, even among our critics, the perception of an aim or some sort of standard which their current criticisms have not always led us to expect; yet the essential difficulties besetting the case remain unsolved. A collection is good in proportion to the number of fine works it contains, and these must always be produced by a few men only, whose works are always open to discussion, disapproval and faint praise. Let us give the Academy its due. Had the Chantrey bequest been conducted with all desirable foresight the public would long since have clamoured for popular works. By the public I mean the large body of lagging artists and pressmen. Yet it remains a healthy sign that an inquiry should have been possible, that the subject should have been a welcome one for academic discussion and that certain forms of popular art are in fact no longer popular.

What have been the tendencies in the picture market? On the whole, we find reassuring signs, for the sale-rooms have emphasised the fall in purely commercial painting. With one or two exceptions we have been able to note a lull also in that tiresome speculation on the seventh-rate work of the mere hack face-painters of the eighteenth century. The sale rooms have even been dull. The marvellous Holbein miniature which sold at Christie's for rather less than £3,000

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

being the one work of supreme artistic interest which has appeared, to be sold, alas! to an American, though it might be said that the "American peril" has often been overstated; and the forthcoming Whistler show should prove that even the latest American art boom is largely a fiction, and that the works of Mr. Whistler are still appreciated and kept, as in the past, by collectors in England.

The picture market has still to steady itself from recent speculation in that which the rich alone care to buy—in fact, the dealer may have to reconsider his policy, though the dealer in England has rarely controlled the course of art, if his influence has spread disaster in the provincial galleries and among the large class of the "new rich" who require pictures like furniture to be got expeditiously and at a large cost. The course of art has been ever separate from the politics of Bond Street; Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Whistler each flourished in his own way, unsupported by the dealer.

The immediate sign of what the future holds in store will be found in the character and aims of the exhibitions; and in this the last twelve months have been full of development and change. The practical reconstruction of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers, under the intelligent election of the new President, M. Rodin, is an event of the greatest importance. Previous exhibitions held by that Society under Mr. Whistler were fated to be limited in scope by certain idiosyncrasies and restrictions which characterised that master, and, to some extent, the weaker points in the organisation of the Society as it now stands are surviving traces of the conditions first imposed by the circumstances of its foundation. If the aims of the New English Art Club are too specialised and too restricted for the use of the word "English," since it represents mainly one phase of art as it is practised in London, the International Society flies too big an ensign. The title is to some extent an illusion also, for no really international yearly exhibition in so restricted a gallery as the New Gallery could be possible; it is not even desirable, for internationalism breeds a false or composite standard in art; it leads, or has led—in Paris, for instance, notably during the 'seventies—to the invasion of crude foreign ideals. Internationalism tends to force the pace in the matter of novelty, sensationalism and other undesirable elements. Yet the Society can boast a number of works which it would be difficult to match elsewhere, and, since the death of the great master, G. F. Watts, has rendered the spring show at the New Gallery in future only a matter of slight importance (it is now merely an annexe to the Royal Academy), the succession to the Grosvenor Gallery tradition must be fought out during the autumn—indeed, the art season has for some time tended to change its date and to occur in the autumn; the spring in the future will remain conspicuous only for the Academy show, which has against it the Ascot week, Henley and the distracting social movements in the wake of Royalty.

Will the new forces scattered in different quarters unite in a movement as big and active as the "Seces-sions" in Germany? or must the younger school split up into several small groups of artists with a recognised aim such as the New English Art Club, the Society of Landscape Painters and the most recent of all associations, "The Society of Twelve"? Who can tell?

Will the provinces continue in their allegiance to the past state of things, or show signs of some constructive effort, such as we noted at Bradford and more recently in Dublin? The future of our public museums must

count indirectly for a great deal in this, for a nation's interest in its arts is a sign of its vitality and future; a nation which remains inert in this matter is a nation without a will and without a history. The qualities and virtues of a nation are embalmed by its arts; a statue or building, a book, a picture, tells us more than what may survive in its records. The civilisation of a nation is proved by the value it attaches to these things.

C. RICKETTS.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has lately received, under the will of Mr. Frank McClean, a most valuable collection of manuscripts, early printed books and works of art, which are to be permanently exhibited in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Mr. McClean, who established the astronomical observatory at Tunbridge in 1874, and was a leading authority on spectroscopic work, devoted his leisure to the formation of the collection which he has bequeathed to his University. The manuscripts, two hundred in number, include a Greek Uncial Evangelistarium of the ninth century, and three gospel-books of the thirteenth century, a ninth-century Latin Bible, and a magnificent fragment of a twelfth-century missal, and many other most valuable and important things. Among the printed books is an "Augustinus de arte predicandi," printed by J. Mentelin at Strassburg before 1466; and the works of art include oriental objects, ivories, enamels, engraved gems and some examples of Verre-Eglomise.

The Council of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has decided to close their exhibition now open in the New Gallery, on Saturday evening, February 11. The Whistler Memorial Exhibition opens to the public on February 22. On this day the charge for admission will be ten shillings.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folklore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL.—In "Julius Caesar" (II. iii.) Artemidorus, writing to Caesar says: "If thou beest not immortal look about you." Why is this abrupt change from the second person singular to the plural made? No explanation is given in the annotated editions I have seen.—E.D.J. (Barthelme following—)

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the author of the following:

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
Or what the shining of the brightest eye.
To the sweet soothing of a calm reply?—B.B. (Glasgow).

AUTHOR WANTED.—"May virtue all thy paths attend." Will any of your readers kindly inform us who wrote a short poem commencing with this line, and in what work it can be found?—Croydon Public Libraries.

DICKENS, THE POET.—Dickens, besides excelling as a prose writer, was a poet of no mean quality, as the many pieces he has left behind amply testify. Two well-known songs written by him, "The Ivy Green" and "Hail to the Merry Autumn Days," are still popular. Being anxious to further my knowledge of Dickens' poetry, I shall be glad to know if a collection of his poems and songs has ever been printed, and if it is still obtainable?—R.S. (Sunderland).

* **DICKENS AND "THE BASKET OF FLOWERS."**—There is a well-known story called "The Basket of Flowers," written originally in German and translated into English some seventy years ago, since when it has been issued in editions almost innumerable. The two principal characters in it—a young girl and her grandfather, who wander about the country after being banished from their home—strongly remind the reader of Little Nell and her grandfather and their wanderings in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Several other points of similarity lead me to infer that Dickens borrowed a good deal from "The Basket of Flowers." Am I right in my surmise?—R.S. (Sunderland).

TITLED AUTHORS.—The "Life of Charles James Fox," by Earl Russell, came out as follows: In 1859 appeared Vols. I. and II. by "Lord John Russell." In 1866 appeared Vol. III. by "Earl Russell." Are there other instances of an author's change of title during the progress of one work, and were such changes notified on the title-page?—Percy L. Babington (Tonbridge).

GENERAL.

PUMPS.—In Hay's "History of Chichester" it says: "Pumps were first introduced into Europe about the year 1425, and into England not before 1512 or 1513." Who introduced the first pump into England, and where?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

* **POOLAR.**—Cecil (Lord Burleigh), in a communication to Queen Elizabeth, formed on Sir Peter Carew's report on the condition of the army in Scotland (1560), says: "My Lord Grey is a noble, valiant, painful, and careful gentleman; Randolph worth more than I fear our time will well consider, and no poolar nor robber." What is a "poolar"? Chambers gives "pooler" as "a stick for stirring a tan-vat"; is there any connection?—Alex. J. Philip (Gravesend).

"UPWARDS OF."—Out of a group of twenty-eight persons suddenly interrogated twenty-one understood "upwards of," say, £2,000, to mean "more" than that sum; the other seven had not the slightest doubt that it meant "less"—i.e. "rising towards." Which is considered correct and on what authority?—J. Presgrave (Penang, Straits Settlements).

ROSEMARY.—What is the origin of the saying—
Where rosemary flourishes,
Mistress is master?—Madge S. Smith (Bolton).

THE JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—What is the origin of the custom of giving a pair of white gloves to the judge when there are no criminal cases to be tried?—W. L. Harle.

DETACHED COUNTIES.—What is the history and present significance of the small detached portions of other counties in the main body of larger ones? Part of Durham, for instance, in Yorkshire.—M. (Carlisle).

LONG AND SHORT "O."—Why is the *o* in progress, process, sounded short? It is surely a recent usage, and at variance with the Latin words from which they are derived.—M. (Carlisle).

KILLIGREWS OF FALMOUTH.—Was the Killigrew who built the King's House (Drury Lane) in 1663 one of the famous Killigrews of Falmouth?—W. L. Harle (Falmouth).

AN ARMY OF BROWNEBILL MEN.—In Besant's "London," page 260, in a description of the plague in 1603, "an army of brownebill men, that kept the shore" of the river, and prevented plague-stricken people landing, is mentioned. Can any one tell me what "brownebill" men were?—W. L. Harle (Falmouth).

Answers.

SHAKESPEARE.

* **HOLD OR CUT BOWSTRINGS.**—A colloquial expression among archers, suggesting a forfeit for failure, which grew into general application. The meaning appears to be that Bottom and the company will hold to their engagement, or, failing therein, they shall be disgraced in their calling—i.e. have their bowstrings cut. Capell says: "When a party was made at Butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase; the sense of the person using them being that he would 'hold' or keep promise, or they might 'cut his bowstring,' demolish him for an archer." In "Much Ado about Nothing" Don Pedro says of Benedick that "he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him"—that is, dare not play the archer.—F. Scannell (Lewisham). [Replies also from T.H.M. (Newcastle) and J.J. (Norwich).]

LITERATURE.

* **LIONS' SKINS.**—"We sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto virtue, and we slide not, but climb unto it." A possible explanation of the allusion is to be found in Ruskin's "Queen of the Air" (§§ 161 et seq.), in which he applies the parable of Hercules and the Nemean lion. The slaying of this lion, without weapons and in the solitude of its noisome den, the subsequent wearing of the skin as a protection, are shown as types of what each of us may perform in overcoming some special weakness or temptation. "But, alas," says Ruskin, "how many of us have to go uncovered!"—Laurence Saunders (Nottingham).

As like as a hand to another hand.
Whoever said that foolish thing, &c.

Probably an imperfect recollection of Horatio ("Hamlet," I. ii. 211-2):

I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.—F.W.

ST. BRANDAN (Brandan or Brandon) was an Irish monk (historical), ob. circ. 578, May 16, and so his story was well known in England. His voyage seems to be founded on that of Sinbad (so B. Gould), or is a "monkish Odyssey" (M. Jubinal). It became popular in the eleventh century, as is shown by maps after that date placing the Terrestrial Paradise in the extreme west from Ireland. The first English edition is in verse, early fourteenth century (Percy Society's Vol. XIV.); the first prose English is in the translations of the "Golden Legend." St. Brendan finds a tree full of birds on an island, asks the meaning, and one of the fair birds, making a full merry noise like a fiddle, says: "Some times we were angels, but when our master, Lucifer, fell into Hell for his high pride, we fell with him for our offences," &c. They are not represented as in pain; they sing all the Hours, "that it was a full heavenly noise to hear." It seems as if the

belief in half-fallen angels originated in Ireland; the peasants identify them with fairies, and when they see a cloud of dust (supposed to be fairies) they cross themselves and say, "There go the good (sic) folk." The legend of St. Brendan is important as one of the causes of Columbus' expedition.—E.L.B.B. (Ramsgate).

ST. BRANDAN.—The "Voyage of St. Brandan" was translated into English verse about the end of the thirteenth century, and the Latin version must have been known in England at a much earlier date. A French metrical version was dedicated to Henry I.'s second wife, Adela of Louvain. See H. L. D. Ward's "Catalogue of Romances," ii. 516-557.—J.A.H. (London).

NATURE SIMILES.—Similes from manufactured articles can be found frequently up and down the English poets. Here are some examples similar in character to the lines quoted from the "Lotos Eaters":

And then I know the mist is drawn,
A lucid veil from coast to coast.—Tennyson.

Thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth.—Shelley.

Soft, soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the summer sea;

Thin, thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining,
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me.
—Kingsley.

Compare as illustrating the same point:

Flowers that their gay wardrobe wear.—Milton.
The olive-sandal'd Apennine.—Shelley.

—G.B.C. (Oxford).

BRAVE PRINCE WILLIAM.—There can be little doubt that the brave Prince William who showed his "lamp-black face" in Goldsmith's "Author's Bed-chamber" would be William Prince of Orange. A coarse engraving some fifty or sixty years old well answers the description.—H.C.

"EOTHEM."—The quotation from Tennyson, "Soothe him with (thy) her finer fancies, . . ." is from "Locksley Hall," written in 1842.—S.C. [Replies also received from H. Pearl Humphrey; F. Scannell (Lewisham); H.C.; P. L. Babington (Tonbridge); L.H.; K.K.; and H.O.D. (Dulwich).]

THE RELAXED BOW.—This illustration was used by St. Antony, according to an anecdote in the "Vite Patrum" (Migne, "Patrologia," lxxiii. col. 912). Cassian, in his "Collations" (ib. xlix. 1312) puts it in the mouth of St. John the Evangelist. Both versions are preserved in the "Legenda Aurea."—J.A.H. (London).

AUTHOR FOUND.—The Latin lines beginning "Nemo me lacrimis . . ." are those of Ennius, quoted by Cicero in his "De Senectute," chap. xx. In most editions we find "Nemo me lacrimis decorat neque funera fletu Faxit"; but in some editions the second line runs "Cur? Volito virus per ora virum."—J. Edwin Datch (Stechford).

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines beginning "Like to the falling of a starre" are by Dr. Hy. King, Chaplain to James I., and are to be found in his poems. See also Chambers' "Ency. of Literature," where no doubt is thrown on his authorship.—H.C.

GENERAL.

PROPER NAME PRONUNCIATION.—The best modern work is Smith's "Cyclo-pædia of Names," 1885, but it includes biographical and geographical as well as literary names, and being so complete is naturally expensive. The best cheap book is Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction," which contains literary names only, and was published in Bohn's Library, 1856. Of course, the very recent names are absent from it, such as Catriona, the correct sound of which is *Catreena*, three syllables, the "o" being silent. Hugues is one syllable, as in French. Guinevere is three syllables. Jacques is a name it is impossible to pronounce wrongly; there are so many opinions about it. Some sound its vowels and consonants as in French, others as in English. It may be either one or two syllables, at pleasure. Shakespeare himself varies between one and two. Scott makes it one, Charles Lamb makes it two.—James Platt, Jun.

SAVE THE MARK.—In archery when an archer shot well it was customary to cry out "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent any one coming after to hit the same mark and displace my arrow. Ironically, it is said to a novice whose arrow is nowhere.—T.H.M. (Newcastle). [Replies also from S.C. (Hove) and B.R.S. (Manchester).]

* **ARCADES AMBO.**—The literal meaning of this phrase is "Arcadians both," i.e., dwellers in Arcady, the central portion of the Greek Peloponnese. Arcadia is surrounded by mountains, and its inhabitants are therefore cut off from the main civilisation of Greece. Hence in classical times they were noted for their simple country life, and were more backward in civilisation than the rest of Greece. An Arcadian is first a countryman, then a boor or simpleton, and then a knave. We may compare the degeneration of this word with that of "villain," which was primarily of similar meaning, being connected with "villa." Arcadia has also provided the literary phrase, "a solemn Arcadia."—R. B. Appleton.

ARCADES AMBO.—Arcadia was pre-eminently the land of rustics, not influenced by the growth of Greek civilisation. Thus Conington says: "Arcadia, being the country of Mercury, who invented the lyre, and of Pan, who invented the pipe, Vergil makes his ideal minstrels (in Eclogue vii.) Arcadians, as in modern days they might be made Tyrolese." Hence arose the meaning of simple or rustic, which, as in the classic example of "Simple" Simon, easily became transferred to that of "knave."—F.M.W.B. (Hove). [Replies also from Richard Smith (Bolton); E. T. Quinn (Dublin); and H.O. (Torquay).]

THE RELAXED BOW.—Cassian, or Joannes Eremita Cassianus, circa 420 A.D., tells a story about St. John. A young hunter, just returned from the chase, was astonished to see the aged Apostle caressing a pet partridge—a useless waste of time for such an illustrious man. "What have you in your hand?" asked John. "A bow," answered the youth. "Why is it unstrung?" "Because," replied the hunter, "if it were always bent it would lose its elasticity and become useless." "And in the very same way," said John, "my spirit must have relaxation, else it would lose its elasticity and fail to respond to the call of duty." I cannot give the reference for this story, nor do I know if the idea is found in earlier writers.—W.M. (Aberdeen).

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